Senate Reading Room

MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. VI.—NO 24. MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1894. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

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SEYMOUR GREEN, Insurance Agent; Issuer Marriage Licenses; School Debentures bought; Homestead entries made; Full list of all lands open for entry in the Moose Jaw District; Farms for sale with from 50 to 200 acres under cultivation, easy payments; C. P. R. and Hudson Bay lands for sale. Money to Loan.

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Manufacturer and dealer in
BOOTS & SHOES.
Ordered work a specialty, all repairing done thoroughly, neatly and promptly. Prices low for CASH ONLY.
MAIN STREET, Moose Jaw.

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Auctioneer & Valuator.
Orders for Auction Sales or Bailiff's work left at Mr. Wm. Grayson's office will receive prompt attention.



I. O. F.,
Court Moose Jaw, No. 509, holds its regular meeting in Russell Hall, on the last Tuesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. Every member is requested to attend.
Next regular meeting will be held on Thursday, December 27th.
C. D. J. Christie, C.R. H. F. Dreyer, R.S.

WHOLESALE
Wine, Liquor and Cigar Store.
Only the finest brands of the most world-renowned makers in both imported and domestic wines, liquors and beers kept in stock.
WE KEEP NO INFERIOR GOODS.
Write or call for prices.
TERMS,—
SPOT CASH.
Octavius Field.

GALT COAL. SEASON 1894.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Lump, when taken from car,	$5.95
" " " " shed,	6.20
" " delivered -	6.50
Nut, taken from car or shed,	5.00
" delivered - - -	5.50

TERMS STRICTLY & POSITIVELY CASH.

Potatoes. Unloading car to-day; price at car 50cts. per bushel, SPOT CASH. Next week will receive another car which will sell at same price. Can also sell you Cabbage, Carrots, Parsnips, Beets, Turnips, Onions, Etc.

General Stock,—Groceries, Flour, Feed and Grains, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Etc., complete as usual.

E. A. BAKER & CO.

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CHALMERS.

FALL & WINTER GOODS

ARE ARRIVING DAILY.

Our selections of

DRESS COSTUMES

are such as to sustain our reputation. We never placed on our shelves a more select variety.

In Dress Trimmings

we lead. An elegant range to select from. We invite every Lady to examine our new goods. No trouble to show them. We are offering at greatly reduced prices

Balance of Summer Stock,

Ladies' Blouses and Gents' Reg. Shirts. We will dispose of them AT COST FOR CASH ONLY.

I. M. Chalmers.

SHIP YOUR RAW FURS

Hides, Tallow, Pelts, Wool, Etc., To

JAS. McMILLAN & CO., INC.

200-212 First Avenue North,

MINNEAPOLIS, - MINN.

Goods bought right out; no commission charged.
Fair selection; immediate returns.

Shipping tags furnished free upon request.
There is no duty on Raw Furs or any other goods we handle.

Write for Circular giving Latest Market Prices.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

Furnace size, $9.50
Stove size, 9.50

All orders left with Messrs. Wilson & McDonald will be promptly attended to.

J. H. ROSS.

X'MAS 1894

If you want a beautiful——

X'MAS PRESENT

for very little money, you can find it at

T. W. Robinson's

We carry more lines than any other store in the town, and we carry a bigger stock in each line; therefore, you will have more choice at our store than any other.

IN SILK HANDKERCHIEFS

We never had as nice a line, and away down in price. We can sell you a pure silk handkerchief for 10 cents; a better on with corners embroidered for 25 cents.

In ladies' and gents' ties we have a big range.

We can give a gent's smoking jacket, all silk and embroidered—last given price $7.50—will sell it now for

$5.00 cash,

makes a beautiful X'mas present.

This year we have the cheapest

FANCY CROCKERY & GLASSWARE

we ever placed in stock. Our cups and saucers, plate cup and saucer, porridge setts, cream pitchers, mugs, water setts are already selling fast and will all sell out before X'mas. Our tea, dinner and toilet setts are prettier and cheaper than ever. We also have the children's toy setts.

Fur Goods.

Our gents' fur coats are nearly all sold, the low price for spot cash sold them quick, we have four ladies' jackets left that we will clear out at cost for cash. Just think! a nice fur jacket for $14.00. A nice assortment of caps, capes, boas and muffs,

House furnishing goods

Eider down quilts at 50 per cent. below last year's pricee, and they are beauties and make a nice present. Our carpets are selling fast at the reduced prices for cash. In lace curtains, chenlle curtains, side board covers, fancy towells, napkins and all kinds of linen goods we carry full lines. Our 65 cent bleached table cloth, 1¾ yards square, beats them all. A lot more of them 5 cent towells to arrive.

DON'T

Forget our bargain counters for spot cash. Flannelette 7 cts., Canton flannel 7½ cts., grey flannell 18 cts., worth 25 cts.; men's all-wool suits $5.00, table linen 18 cts., wool plaids 22 cents, worth 30 cts.

Remnants.

We have a big lot in all kinds of goods, ribbons, lace, edgings, prints, ginghams, muslins, dress goods, &c.

We will be pleased to show you through whether you buy or not.

T. W. ROBINSON.

PAY YOUR TAXES.

A Collector Has Been Appointed by the Council.

All members of Council were present at Monday's meeting.

Hansen Bros., Montreal, communicated respecting tenders for debentures; a stereotyped letter from the Freight Rates Commissioners was sent to the Board of Trade; The Minister of Interior wrote regarding the dam, stating that it was not his intention to ask Parliament to vote a grant for the scheme; and Clarke, Bowes, Hilton & Co., solicitors of Toronto, wrote re the debentures.

The treasurer's monthly statement showed a balance on hand on Dec. 1st of $234.48.

Several accounts were presented, and E. Colpitts applied to be appointed as tax collector. Notice was given later of a by-law to affirm Mr. Colpitt's appointment.

The Finance Committee recommended that the sum of $500.00 be borrowed to be paid to the School Board; and ordered payment of the following accounts: J. E. Annable, on acct. salary as clerk, $25.00; E. Colpitts, $2.00; H. Dillabaugh, $1.05; R. E. Doran, $3.00; H. McDougall, lumber, $2.70; H. McDougall, relief, $4.75; H. McDougall, salary as treasurer and for stationery, $95.00. The Committee further recommended that the account of the C. P. P. Tel Co. for telegrams re the dam delegation, be given to the Board of Trade. Report adopted, and necessary formalities observed to have it acted upon.

It was resolved that a notice be published calling upon all parties to whom the town is indebted, to present bills before Dec. 10th.

The Fire Committee reported upon an account of McDonald & Bragg, striking out item for bell trip, which had not proved satisfactory. Adopted.

After conclusion of regular business, an animated discussion took place on several matters, among which the park deed question was brought up. The members seemed unanimous in the opinion that the solicitor was taking a very dilatory course anent the park.

Whip-Poor-Will to Chips.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—I see by your last issue that Pasqua Chips has once more favored the readers of THE TIMES with another flow of wit and humor. He deserves great credit, considering the circumstances. We were always under the impression that his contributions were written immediately after a visit to Moose Jaw, or else on awakening from a heavy slumber, but we give it up. But at the same time we would feel grateful if some of your readers could explain, or advance any reason as to the cause of Pasqua Chips getting words mixed up so much. I for one was always of the opinion that THE TIMES was a very clear and neat type, and how Pasqua Chips makes out to read "Bystander," "Stand-by-her," and "Whip-poor-Will," "Poor-Whip-a-Will" is quite beyond our ken. But if Chips will take our advice he will invest in a pair of spectacles. If he was a married man we would also advise him not to brag so much about going to see his girl once a week, but his head is level when he goes on Sunday. "The better the day the better the deed," so that in his case the good day would help to make up for what the man lacks. And we would also advise Chips to write facts; do not surmise anything. "Whip-poor-Will" is here yet and intends to remain; he certainly has not gone to the coal mines and does not intend to if there is any prospects of a crop here next year. Before he came to this Garden of Eden he read a letter from a farmer of this vicinity and the tone of it was very much the same as Chips' correspondence. Perhaps some time in the future we may republish it.

So dear Chips, be careful, for the Mystic League has its eye upon you. The "Whip-poor-Will" is a dusky bird no doubt, but rather intelligent and not at all related to the night hawk. He is old enough to take care of himself now, and when his parent interferes he shuts one eye, grins like a Chinaman and says, "What's matter dad?" That settles it; he is not troubled any more.

Hoping that Chips has by this time recovered from his last attack, I am yours here, there and everywhere

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

STRAYED

Into my herd on or about Oct 1st, one dark red heifer, two years old, no brand. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. JONATHAN THOMPSON, Lot 22-15-24. tf.

In Prince Albert East.

One returning-officer in the late elections who had no snap was Sheriff Hugnes of East Prince Albert. To reach a poll in the Cumberland district it was necessary that 300 miles be travelled, and during the time the Sheriff was out there—nearly two months— he did not enjoy the luxury of sleeping in a bed. In that section there are 550 voters, but only 52 polled. One polling booth had to be abandoned, as it was found impossible to reach it, The small percentage of votes polled is mainly accounted for by the fact that the majority of electors there are professional hunters, and many of them were at the time on their way to the hunting grounds.

The Rutherford Horse Shooting Case.

The evidence on the preliminary investigation of the charge against Wm. Rutherford for shooting one horse (the property of Mr. Massey, a farmer near Moose Jaw) with intent to kill, was concluded before Seymour Green, police magistrate, on Friday last. The evidence was wholly circumstantial, no one having witnessed the crime, but after a long investigation, the magistrate decided to commit the defendant for trial, at the next sittings of the Supreme Court at Moose Jaw, a prima facie case having been made out. He was subsequently released on bail in $1,000.00, Messrs. A. Smith and J. G. Chalmers becoming his bondsmen. W. J. Nelson appeared as counsel for the prosecution.

Royal Templars of Temperance.

The semi-annual election of officers took place at the council chamber in Russell Hall on Tuesday, 4th instant.

There was an unusually large attendance of members and a spirited contest took place in regard to the filling of the two highest offices. The following is the result:—Select Councillor, W. J. Nelson; Vice Councillor, Mrs. Richards; Chaplain, E. Colpitts; Recording Secretary, H. F. G. Dreyer; Financial Secretary, P. N. Dorland; Treasurer, W. A. Sells; Herald, D. McVannell; Guard, Evan Wilson; Sentinel, John McLean; Mr. J. E. Annable is Past Councillor ex officio.

After the election an interesting programme of music, readings and recitations amused and entertained the members till a late hour.

The date of the entertainment to be held in the town hall has been changed to Tuesday, 18th instant.

ROCHE PERCEE.

Reduction in Miners' Pay — Mail Service "Kick"—General Notes.

ROCHE PERCEE, Dec. 5.—Great excitement was caused by the announcement that the Souris Coal Mining Co. would reduce wages of miners from 50 cents per ton to 40 cents; and at one time it looked as if we were going to have the so-called fun of a strike, but happily all trouble is over. Some of the men accepted the reduction, and others not willing to do so took their departure for pastures new.

We are all wondering how the powers that be manage to give Estevan a daily mail service on the main line from Moose Jaw (vide your issue Nov. 30) and yet at this place distant ten miles from Estevan we are only allowed two mails per week. This is a great drawback to the coal people here, and will be one of the sins of omission our Dominion Grandfather Tom will have to answer for on the day of reckoning at the polls.

Coal, coal, everywhere coal, and there seems to be no end of it. Car after car going out and still the cry is "More good Roche Percee coal!"

Manager Hall, of the Souris mine, left for Rat Portage to spend a few days with his family.

Mr. Cockburn returned from Boissevain after a pleasant trip.

E. F. Allen, storekeeper, has put in a good stock of general merchnadise and is doing a rushing business.

No sleighing yet and weather very fine.

Const. Snell, N. W. M. P., from Portal, spent a couple of days with Const. Nichols, our own guardian of the peace, but as the strike did not come off he returned to North Portal.

Not so many recruits seen these days for the Coxey Army; they must have gone into winter quarters.

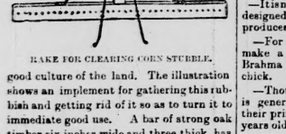
Feline Devocalization.

A Boston druggist claims to have discovered a subtle compound that will deprive a cat of its voice without impairing the mental, moral, or physical powers of the animal. If this be true his discovery should at once be dedicated to the public and a feline devocalizing commission established in every progressive city. The world has fought cater-wauling with bootjacks and profanity too long as it is.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Clearing the Corn Stubble.

The neat farmer who loves to see his fields clean and free from trash that is unsightly (and it may be said that whatever is thus disagreeable is equally undesirable in other ways) always objects to the appearance of the corn stubble in the land in which the oats are sown as the first of the spring crops. They are not only unpleasant to look at, but they are in the way of



RAKE FOR CLEARING CORN STUBBLE.

good culture of the land. The illustration shows an implement for gathering this rubbish and getting rid of it so as to turn it to immediate good use. A bar of strong oak timber six inches wide and three thick has a tongue fitted into it in the usual way, and is furnished with a number of curved teeth made of half inch steel bar. The teeth are sharpened so that they take fast hold of the stubs below the surface of the ground and tear them out, and also gather them as they pull them out of the soil. As a load is collected, the rake is lifted by a pair of handles fastened to the bar. The shape of the teeth is shown, and these are best made with a thread on the top for a nut to fasten them in the bar. The bar may be made as long or short as may be thought proper. The most effect is gained by going diagonally across the rows so that the teeth will take good hold of the stubs. The best time to do the work is after the ground has been softened by the rain, but not until the soil is dry enough for clean work. The teeth should be not less than four inches apart. In turning at the end of the rows it will be safest to lift the bar clear of the ground to avoid bending the teeth. When the gathered trash is dry it may be burned and the ashes spread at once.

Cheese Making at Home.

Cheese making has always seemed to me to belong to the occult arts, and I have regarded with awe and reverence the woman who could make cheese at home with even good conveniences, writes a correspondent. But after many trials I have learned how to make cheese with the commonest kind of implements, and have good results. The milk from six cows saved night and morning will make a cheese weighing about ten pounds when done. If one does not have enough milk, it is a good plan to club together with a neighbor and divide the cheese or the profits therefrom after making. A thermometer is needed for cheese making. One of the commonest causes of tough cheese is having the milk at a wrong temperature, eighty degrees being right. One cannot tell how warm the milk is by trying it with the hand, a temperature of eighty degrees will often seem cold. The first cheese I assisted in making, I had the milk too warm, and although the curd formed speedily, the cheese was very tough and poor. Having the temperature right, dissolve and add one small rennet tablet for the milk from six cows, stir up and let stand till it thickens; the time required will be from forty minutes upward. I have an idea that the longer it takes to thicken, the better the cheese, but this may be a notion. When well thickened, take a knife and cut down through it in squares, then wait for the whey to begin to come up on top. When it separates, a cheese cloth over the top of the curd and dip the whey off. A boiler will do to have the milk in and a cheesecloth a yard and a half or two yards in length will do to put over it to extract the whey. All handling must be done gently, as the rougher the handling the more cream is lost in the whey. Save a little whey for after use. After dipping off part of the whey, stir the curd very gently with the hands, break it up, and this will eliminate more whey; this should be repeated until the whey is all separated from the curd. Next take a clothes basket, spread the cheese cloth in it, and place the basket over a tub. Carefully put the curd into the cloth and work a little with the hands till it begins to seem fine and the whey is well drained out. If the whey does not separate easily, the milk should have stood a little longer to thicken. Much will be learned in making one cheese. After the curd is worked as above, heat about a quart of whey so that it will feel warm to the hand, and pour over the curd, work a little, and if the curd squeaks while handling it is ready to salt, but if there is no squeaky sound, heat a little more whey and pour over; it takes very little heat to harden the curd so that it will squeak; if it becomes too "squeaky," the cheese will be hard and tough. If the milk was too warm to begin with, the curd will "squeak" before the warm whey is poured over it, and it should be omitted. Allow four or five good tablespoonfuls of salt for the milk from six cows, and work in lightly, taste, and if not salt enough add a little more, work the curd up, and have the press ready. This may be improvised. A round hoop from a peck measure will do, that is, a peck measure with no bottom in. Lay a cloth in this, set it up with a clean board under it, put a cloth over the top of the measure, put the curd on the cloth and let it press the cloth down into the measure. Have a cover that will fit inside the measure, bring the cloth over the top of the curd as smoothly as possible, put the cover down and press by means of a lever or with weights. The weight needed is not extreme, because if pressed too hard the cheese will not be as good. To make a good cheese the following points must be remembered: First, do not have the milk too warm, eighty degrees being right; second, let it stand till the milk is well thickened after adding the rennet; third handle gently in every process; fourth, do not use too much salt; fifth, have the press stand level or the cheese will be one-sided; sixth, turn the cheese over at night, using a clean wet cloth when this change is made. The cloth should always be wet when put in the press. Take the cheese out in the morning, rub well with sweet butter, and make a bandage for the outside. A cheese is less apt to mold if simply wrapped loosely in a cheese cloth than if covered all over with cloth. The cheese begins to mold, take the cloths off. Rub the cheese with butter daily for a week, and turn over daily. It will need an airy place and a dry one; a cellar will soon ruin it by molding. Keep covered always to protect from the little cheese fly that sometimes causes trouble. A good full cream cheese will be fit to cut in five weeks, and ought to be rich and creamy to the taste, and it will be if these directions are followed implicitly.

POULTRY NOTES.

—Sell off all surplus cockerels.

—Wyandotte fowls have legs free from feathers.

—Hens that are too fat sometimes lay small eggs without yolks.

—Give the fowls plenty of water even though they have milk to drink.

—The average cost of feed for rearing chicks to three months of age is fifteen cents.

—It is not only a waste of grain to feed fowls designed for layers too heavily, but it often produces leg weakness.

—For broilers Indian Game and Brahma make a good cross. Plymouth Rock and Brahma make a hardy, rapid growing chick.

—Though there is a difference in hens it is generally considered that hens are in their prime for laying before they are three years old.

—Have dry, comfortable quarters for all fowls; even ducks should have a dry floor to "roost" (?) on. A little straw sprinkled on the floor will help in cleanliness.

EGGS IN ENGLAND.

The Enormous Trade in Eggs Between England and the Continent.

Probably few retail buyers of eggs have the faintest notion of the secrets of they English egg trade says the London Globe. They imagine that some of the second-class cooking eggs come from France, but they suppose that nine out of ten of the eggs they buy are laid in England. Perhaps, therefore, a few figures relating to the importation of eggs may prove both new and interesting. For the sake of convenience we will take the returns for the year 1892. In that year the United Kingdom imported 11,139,419 "great hundreds" of eggs, and paid £3,794,718 for them. It is obvious that eggs made in Germany, France and Denmark cannot be exactly "new laid," in the ordinary sense of the phrase, by the time they have been distributed through the length and breath of England. But it must not be supposed that the eggs we import come from no greater distance than the countries named. There is some ground for believing that at least £30,000 worth of eggs come into the country annually from Morocco. Certain it is that Morocco exported, in 1892, £38,549 worth of eggs, that three-forths of that country's trade is with Great Britain, and that the rest is chiefly with France and Germany, both being countries that send eggs to us. Why it may be asked, should countries like France and Germany import eggs when they have so many of their own that they can export them to England? The answer is that they have not got such a superabundance of their own eggs as at first sight appears. But they make a profit as middlemen, by importing eggs from all parts of the world, and then exporting them to this benighted country. Hence we now plunge still more deeply into the mysteries of the egg market. An egg coming from Berlin or Hamburg may not, after all, have been made in Germany; it may have come from some remote Russian village, and after weeks of traveling over land and sea, figure as a "fresh' egg in the London shops. As a matter of fact, in 1892, Russia exported, chiefly to Austria, Germany and France, 739,229,560 eggs, valued at over twelve million roubles, besides 12,556 cwt. of preserved eggs in tins, valued at 164,770 roubles. We have seen that France and Germany do not keep all the eggs they import. Nor does Austria, which in 1892 exported eggs to the value of 23,400,000 florins. Well may we exclaim with Mr. Peckniff, as regards eggs, "See how they come and go!"

SAYS HE WILL MAKE RUBBER.

M. Berthelot's Important Discovery and How it Will Help Mankind.

M. Berthelot, a noted French savant and one of the most distinguished of synthetic chemists, has just announced that he is on the trail of a most important discovery—the production by artificial means of chemically pure crude rubber.

The synthetic chemist first reduces natural products, such as minerals, oils, waters, etc., to their elements, and then endeavors to recombine them in their original form, improving on nature by omitting all impurities. In this line of investigation the French chemists have produced artificial diamonds, sapphires and rubies that deceived the expert, a feat long regarded as beyond the realm of science. Now they are turning their attention to some of the more important raw materials entering into manufactured articles.

The rubber industry offered a field for their enterprise. The increase in the uses and the adaptability of rubber has been something enormous, and with that increase has come a growing scarcity of the crude material. Most of the crude rubber comes from South America, and the immense quantity of sap taken from the trees has affected their vitality. Many of the large and more productive trees are dying, and it will be many years before the young trees will be sufficiently grown to yield sap. The rubber industry is confronted with a possible sap famine.

In this emergency M. Berthelot comes to the rescue. He predicts that he can produce purer and better gum than will be found in Para, and will produce it more cheaply. This assurance opens up a pleasing vista. The very possibility of plenty of rubber is soothing to the tired nerves of the denizen of the city in this hustling, bustling, noisy age. As a deadener of noise rubber is a genuine blessing. The next century will not only see pneumatic-tired vehicles in common use, but pavements and sidewalks of rubber, and rubber-covered floors, soft, elastic and noiseless to the tread.

Couldn't Miss It.

Stranger—"Would you kindly show me the way to the cathedral?" Intelligent Native—"That is not difficult to find. You just walk down the street yonder, and at the further end you will see a small provision shop on your left. The cathedral is exactly opposite."

THE POTATO CROP.

The Indications Point to a Short Crop This Year All Over the World.

In this country potatoes are rising in rank as an agricultural product. A few years ago it was only in certain sections, especially adapted to potato-growing, that farmers spared the land to raise any considerable surplus upon. On the ordinary farm five acres was deemed an unduly large plantation. In the interior the greater part of the excess over producers' wants was distributed at home, in our towns and cities. The exports were maintained by the Maritime Provinces, the vastly greater portion of them by Prince Edward Island. This has been pretty much the case up to the present, but that is owing to restrictions in the way of trade rather than to the relative value of potatoes, which has been going up in recent years. If Ontario farmers during the last three years have not grown more for export than they used to raise, it is because the duty shut them out from the most convenient market. If admission to the United States had been easy, more would have been grown to send there. Formerly potato-patches on the average Ontario farm were small for the reason that the land could be more profitably employed raising

WHEAT AND BARLEY.

But since wheat has suffered such a dumbfounding decline, and while barley has been without a market, the return from these two grains does not put to shame the return from potatoes. If the United States tariff had not cooped up the supply in this province the crop here would undoubtedly have expanded in correspondence with the increase in its comparative market value. The change in duty now makes it possible to export potatoes to the States, the rate being reduced from 25c. to 15c. per bushel of 60 lbs. A shortage in the crop produced this year on the other side of the border tends to create a vacuum and a rise in price there. This is a second condition that should turn spare potatoes from this country to the United States. But here we are to have a smaller crop than last year, if the estimates of our agricultural contemporary, Farm, Ranch, and Orchard, are near the mark. That paper places the aggregate crop of Canada this year at 44,854,000 bushels, as against a yield last year of 52,407,000 bushels. Our average yield per acre is estimated at 94 bushels, as against 112 bushels last year. According to the same authority crops all over Europe are to be

SHORTER THIS YEAR

than they were last. This would seem to point to higher prices all around. Just now car loads command about 50 c. a bag here, but if production has fallen off so much as is supposed to have done the price must be materially improved on before shipping weather is past. When potatoes are high on this side of the ocean, there is usually a rush of supplies from Scotland, Ireland or Continental countries, but shortages there must keep such ships within limits. However, ocean freights are now very low. It looks, at all events, as if all the potatoes raised in Canada this year would be saleable at prices remunerative to the growers. Ontario growers will not find themselves cramped for a market as in past years. Then they had to sell at home nearly all they raised, and their home markets was made smaller by the fact that nearly every non-agricultural householders outside of the cities had his own little plot under potatoes. Now the price is likely to be a fairly good one, until navigation closes water-freights will be low, and the duty at the United States frontier is 10 c. a bushel less than it was last year. Unless the outlook is deceptive, potatoes should make so good a profit this year as to induce our farmers to plant a larger acreage next year.

NOT THE SAME GIRL.

A Comical Yet Pathetic Meeting of Two Former Lovers, After a Separation of Fifty-two Years.

The following anecdote has both a comical and a pathetic side. What a long time fifty years are in the life of a human being! And how far apart, how unlike in tastes, feelings, opinions and habits, men and women can become, who in childhood slept under the same roof, attended the same school, and dreamed of nothing but of being friends forever! A gentleman whose "courtly manners" were mentioned in all the newspapers when he died, a few years after this incident, fancied in his old age that he wished to see his boyhood friends, and most of all, the fair young girl whose love, long years before, he almost, but not quite, had dared to ask.

He fergot country manners, and called at half-past eleven in the forenoon. He was asked to walk "right out into the kitchen," as there was no fire anywhere else.

His early admiration stood before him, in a worn calico dress, no collar, and a wide and not faultlessly clean apron. Her half-combed, grizzly hair was tucked under a rusty black lace cap, trimmed with faded purple ribbon. She had no teeth, and a huge pair of silver-bowed spectacles were pushed up on her brown, wrinkled forehead!

Fifty-two years before, they had parted with a kiss, and he had been intending to meet her with one, and thus bridge the chasm of years. But he changed his mind when through his gold-bowed glasses he took in the picture before him.

Wiping her hands on her apron, she gave him a hearty handshake, and bade him "sit right down," adding that they were "killing hogs and frying up lard;" but if he would "stay to dinner," she would have "a fire put in the front room."

Of course he declined the invitation, and for his own comfort, as well as for her convenience, he determined to make his call short. Still, he must say something complimentary before leaving, but what *could* he say?

Just then the lard boiled over, and with a shrill cry to her daughter to "come quick," the woman jumped up and caught hold of the kettle. The smoke and perfume were in themselves far from agreeable; but they were grateful to the caller, as they gave him a chance for the desired compliment.

"Your step has lost none of its elasticity since the evenings we sauntered together along the banks of the R——," he said, "while this," holding out his gold-headed cane—"is needed to support mine."

"Yes," answered the woman, "I'm as spry as a kitten; and I thought ever since you've been here, that I was glad enough time hadn't changed me as it has you."

A CENTURY AGO.

Some Queer Customs of Our Forefathers One Hundred Years Ago.

The mail carrier often whiled away the time as his animal jogged along the road in knitting mittens for winter use.

Boys attended the district school for two or three months in the winter; the master "boarded round" among his patrons.

Candlesticks were almost as heavy as tables and were sometimes set on roliers to be the more easily moved about the room.

Every house in the cities had its tin gutter, projecting far beyond the roof and sending a torrent of water down into the street.

After the church service was ended the whole congregation remained in their pews until the minister and his family had passed out.

Stovepipe hats were unknown. A felt, broad brim, a cocked hat, or a coon-skin cap was considered good enough for anybody.

Medical colleges were always in danger from the indignation of the people, who believed dissection to be an exceedingly sinful practice.

There was not a mile of telegraph or telephone wire in existence, nor a foot of railroad, nor a modern steam engine, nor a steamship.

The clerk of the church had charge of all the notices to be read, and passed them up to the minister one at a time at the end of a long pole.

Church people considered it sinful to read a novel, to make a joke, to sing or listen to a comic song, to own a fiddle or to make a present at Christmas.

Coal oil was unknown. Shortly after the beginning of this century it was discovered, and the first use made of it was as an ointment for rheumatism.

Frequent complaints were made that letters were opened in transit by the carriers and other persons eager to learn what news was being transmitted.

There were cabbages, but no cauliflowers nor egg plants; the potatoes were scarcely larger than marbles; oranges and bananas were not seen once a year.

The drill, the wheeled plow, the reaper and mower, the hay rake, the corn-cutter and a dozen other farm implements now indispensable were unknown.

The cities had no sidewalks. Stepping stones were laid in muddy places, and a line of posts kept the horsemen from running over the pedestrians.

Quarrels between the boxes and the pit in the theatres were common, and the people in the former sometimes spat down on the heads of the crowd below.

Painted signs representing red dogs, blue monkeys and other remarkable animals appeared over the doors of dry goods stores and other mercantile establishments.

Starch was used only for stiffening the frills round the necks of the ungodly. Religious people called it the "devil's liquor," and regarded its use as very reprehensible.

Bleeding was generally practised; the man who fainted from weakness was bled at once, there being a common impression that fainting was caused by a rush of blood to the head.

The doctor carried his own medicines and himself fixed the enormous doses then given. Every spring he dosed his patients with huge portions of salts and senna, of rhubarb and manna.

Private houses were lighted with tallow candles; public halls and the salons of the wealthy with candles of wax, and at regular intervals a servant made the rounds with a pair of snuffers.

Young men and women of a "worldly turn of mind" amused themselves by dancing. Only in the daytime, however; a dance continued until the candles had to be lighted gave great scandal to the godly.

The provision stores contained little fresh meat in summer, for there was not put up and the meat soon spoiled. When a "beef" was killed it was a neighborhood event, and everybody came in and took a part of the flesh.

There was no friction matches. The fires were covered with ashes at night, and if they chanced to go out and the flint and steel could not be found, a boy was dispatched with a shovel to the nearest neighbor's after coals.

A guest at the table was expected to partake of the same dish at least twice, and by doing so three or four times was supposed to compliment his hostess. When he had enough he crossed his knife and fork on his plate, and was no longer pressed to eat.

Bullet-Proof Shields.

The London newspapers contain fuller accounts of the new bullet-proof shield invented by a British officer and there seems to be no doubt that the contrivance accomplishes all that it professes to do. It is simply a plate of specially prepared chrome steel, with a slot in the top for the soldier's rifle. The weight is less than one-half that of a lite-guardsman's cuirass, and the material is absolutely proof against the British service bullet propelled by cordite through a Lee-Metford rifle at thirty yards distance. A bullet which would pass completely through an oak plank thirty inches thick is powerless to do more than make a slight indentation on the plate, which is only three-sixteenths of an inch thick. An aide of the Duke of Cambridge fired five shots at one plate from a Lee-Metford rifle, and at the request of the Duke placed his shots as nearly as possible in the same spot, without effecting any thing like performation. Each bullet struck the shield with more than a foot ton of energy. The duke expressed his satisfaction at the result of the tests in the most emphatic terms, and declared his conviction that a problem which had defied the experts for years had been solved at last. To what extent, if at all, the shield can be used in actual warfare remains to be proved, but it has clearly remonstrated its ability to stop bullets, and that, too, under conditions wholly free from the suspicions of trickery and reserve which marked the experiments with the Dowe coat.

A Thoughtful Child.

Mother—"What have you been doing so long?"

Little daughter—"I heard papa say he was goin' to shave, so I thought I'd get things all ready for him."

"And did you?"

"Yes'm. I got out his razor and mug, and shavin' brush, an' some court plaster."

The Boy's Tastes.

Aunt—"Do you like to drive a horse?"

Boy—"Yep, if he isn't too gentle."

THE MEDITERRANEAN POWERS.

The Strength of Toulon and the Need of Improving Gibraltar as a Naval Station.

The begining of a mole and dockyard at Gibraltar shows that the British Admiralty is determined to answer very promptly by practical action criticisms on the lack of facilities at that place for the repair of a great fleet.

The hypothesis put forth by some experts is that of a great battle fought near the mouth of the Mediterranean for the control of that sea in which a French fleet should get the better of the English. It is shown that such a result is not impossible, on account of the interior line possessed by France, which might allow her Toulon and Brest fleets to concentrate against the English vessels on the Mediterranean station before they could be reinforced by the home fleet from Portsmouth. In case of such a defeat, the British squadron would, it is said, be in a bad position, since at Gibraltar would not have adequate resources for refitting.

There has been two views as to England's policy in the Mediterranean, in view of the requirements for maintaining English power there, under the possible attack of France

SUPPORTED BY RUSSIA

and threatening the English coast as well as the British fleet in the Mediterranean. Some have argued that the wisest plan for England in such a case would be to leave Egypt to take care of herself. W. Laird Clowes, a well-known writer on naval topics, has even advised not waiting for the contingency of war, but of exchanging Gibraltar in advance for a new and better naval station in Morocco on the other side of the straits. Spain, of course, would be only too glad to effect such a change, and the ground on which it is supported by Mr. Clowes is that a fleet taking refuge at Gibraltar would be under fire from land batteries on Spanish territory, and hence would be imperilled either by the alliance of Spain with England's enemies or by the forcible seizure of Spanish territory around Gibraltar by the latter. Mr. Clowes has also quite recently dwelt upon the advantages possessed by Toulon over Malta and Gibraltar. He declares it to be the finest naval and military base on the Mediterranean. He says that Toulon "can exist indefinitely in its full power, even if all the seas around France be strongly held by the most comprehensive combination of enemies." One great advantage which it has over Malta and Gibraltar is that it draws its supplies from a great country at its back, whereas the English ports depend upon what is brought by sea. Again, in its splendid shipbuilding plants it is superior to them, and can thus turn out floating defences for its own purposes.

Admiral Colomb, in this year's number of Lord Brassey's "Naval Annual," has discussed at much length the question of England's supremacy in the Mediterranean. His conclusion is that she must maintain it there, if she wishes to rule the waves beyond. It has sometimes been pointed out that it is very expensive to keep in that sea a British naval force

EQUAL TO THAT OF FRANCE

combined with the possibilities of Russia. But Admiral Colomb does not consider such a force in time of peace a matter of prime importance, provided the entire available force of Great Britain is equal to that of those two countries combined. In fact, if England should keep a very large fleet in the Mediterranean, an enemy might be tempted to make a mere feint there and change its real attack to the Channel. The advantage of keeping the main British fleet in home waters is a double one, because it not only makes a very large number of vessels available for service anywhere else, but it is seen that they are needed, but saves also the great expense of keeping an enormous fleet in the Mediterranean. This he believes to be all the sounder policy from the high speed and rapid mobilization now practicable, while he has little faith in the possibility of crushing a British fleet in the Mediterranean by a single unexpected blow.

As to the Suez Canal, Admiral Colomb says that "it is very well to use it in peace time, but should war arise between the British empire and any strong combination of European powers we ought to blow up and destroy the canal, evacuate Egypt and bestow the whole of our power in maintaining intact the fine course of our commerce around the cape." Of course, apart from the strategic importance of the Mediterranean the commercial value of it to Great Britain is of the highest consequence.

The construction of the mole and dock yard at Gibralthr appears, therefore, to be thoroughly justified by the necessities of the case. If England is to maintain her command of the Mediterranean she must have adequate repair and coaling facilities there. With such accommodations she can venture to keep a smaller fleet there in time of peace than she would like to rely upon in a combination of two great navies against her.

How to Get Married.

In Java the bride washes the groom's feet as a token of subjection.

In Hungary, at one time, the groom gave the bride a kick for the same purpoes during the wedding ceremony.

Horseback weddings, where groom and bride ride at full speed away from their pursuing attendants, are still sometime seen in Tartary.

Among the Borneo head hunters a young man, in offering marriage to a young woman, had to present her with the head of a man killed by himself.

Turnefort says that among Greek rustics to-day the bride and groom run the gauntlet of young folks of their acquaintance, who kick and cuff them as they pass.

A Roman bride was lifted by her husband at the threshold of his home and carried across it, probably symbolizing the great day when so many of the young Romans carried home stolen brides.

In some old houses in Holland are doors which were in former days never used except for weddings and funerals. After a bride and groom had passed the door was nailed up until another newly wed or newly dead approached to pass that way.

Among the North American residents a wedding is usually preceded by what is called a "bachelor blow-out," at which much liquor is consumed by the groom-expectant and his friends. This is one of the most curious customs known to ethnologists.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Birth Gathered From His Daily Record.

Captain Joseph C. Perrett, manager of the Marinette Barge Line, and one of the oldest marine men in the west, died at his home in Chicago.

A coasting party in Guilford, Me., recently consisted of Orman Cimpher, aged five years; his mother, his grandfather and his great grandfather, aged ninety-four.

William Wirt Henry, of Richmond, is said to be a grandson of Patrick Henry. He is a lawyer and an authority on all matters pertaining to the history of Virginia.

Twenty-five masked men raided a flock of sheep in Charles Brown's corral in Colorado and slaughtered 2,000 animals and drove 4,000 more over the cliffs 1,000 feet high.

Frederick Douglas, who is something of a violinist, has a grandson, Joseph, who inherits the same talent and who is about to go to Europe to finish his musical education.

Prominent Hebrew residents of New York are preparing for the erection of a bronze statue to the memory of the late Jesse Seligman, the banker and philanthropist.

A big wood pile stands before a hotel in Abilene, Kansas. When a tramp solicits food, the wood pile is shown him, and he is told that an hour's work on that earns a meal.

Miss Lucy M. Salmon, professor of history at Vassar, is tall and slender, with brown hair brushed abruptly back from a finely featured face of unusual strength and sweetness.

Miss Susie Sterlin, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Pettis County, Missouri, is a somnambulist, and was lately found to have written a very intelligible letter while asleep.

It is stated that two-fifths of the entire area of the United States consists of arid land, and that upon 616,000,000 acres of land crops could be raised if water were supplied.

Mr. Eugene Higgins is the richest bachelor in New York. He is said to be worth $20,000,000, and Ward McAllister says he is probably the most luxurious unmarried man in America.

In Iowa a Chicago woman who asked for a divorce from her husband because he objected to her displaying a crayon profrait of his divine predecessor on an oak easel in the back parlor.

Mrs. Leland Stanford's family allowance from Senator Stanford's estate has been increased from $50,000 to $150,000 per month on her representation that $5,000 per month was inadequate.

When the new president of Wells College, Dr. William Waters, was a tutor at Yale, his merry countenance won for him the pleasant nickname of "Minnehaha, Laughing Water."

Alvinza Haywood, the retired San Francisco millionaire, was in youth a farmer's "bound boy" in Northern New York and received, at 21, $100 and a "freedom suit" as his start in life.

The sole survivor of General Fremont's famous exploring battalion is General W. F. Swasey, who was a boy clerk at Sutter's Fort in 1845, and was the youngest officer on General Fremont's staff.

Rev. James Barrett, a baptist clergyman, who was arrested for drunkenness on the streets at Columbus, O., feels his disgrace so keenly that he has gone to bed and intends to stay there till he dies.

Jefferson Davis Milton, who was recently appointed chief of police of El Paso, Texas, is a son of John Milton, war governor of Florida, who committed suicide when he learned of General Lee's surrender.

At Cob Creek, near Minco, I. T., an old Caddo Indian, In-Ki-Wish, was found strung up to a tree by the heels with a rope around the head, with a warning to Indian police to keep their hands off the Doolin gang.

Solomon Schinder, the well-known rabbi of Boston, has left the ministry and removed to Cambridge, where he will devote himself to literary work. He announces that he had completed a sequel to "Looking Backward."

Ex-Commodore Gerry's efforts to establish a press censorship at Newport panned out poorly. It is the opinion of the Newport press that if he wants to put a stop to the printing of scandalous stories he should form a society for the prevention of scandalous actions.

Miss Grace Cohee, of Newburn, Ind., to play a practical joke upon a visitor at her house, Mrs. Con Beck, arrayed herself as a ghost, and confronted him in the dark. He fired two pistol shots at her, and both bullets entered her body, and a fatal result is feared.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. W. Lord, who died in Brooklyn as apparently destitute circumstances, is found to have had $13,000 in savings banks at Tamorth, N. H., which she left together with all her other property, to Mrs. T. DeWitt Talmage, wife of the well-known divine.

John Hatfield, of Morristown, N. J., discharged a gun in a hornet's nest. The hornets dashed at him, and he took refuge in a cluster of bushes infested by a lot of bees. The bees and hornets attacked him so viciously that soon his eyes were closed and his face swelled to twice its natural size.

The Rev. Samuel F. Smith, of Newton Centre, Mass., author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is now 85 years old and in excellent health. He is a graduate of Harvard, class of 1829, and reads fifteen different languages. Mr. and Mrs. Smith celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage Sunday last.

Mr. Cleveland has been a student of literature all his life. His reading covers a very wide range and he is a very fond of the English novelists. He prefers Dickens to Thackeray and is a great admirer of Walter Scott. His favorite English poets are not English, Burns being a Scotchman and Moore an Irishman.

By direction of the President a medal of honor has been awarded to Second Lieutenant J. C. Delaney, Company I, 107th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, for most distinguished gallantry at Dabney's Mills, Va., February 6th, 1865, in going between battle lines and bringing into the Federal lines a wounded comrade who had fallen in the last charge.

Abraham Lincoln undoubtedly was the tallest President; he was 6 feet 4 inches in height. The shortest was probably Benjamin Harrison, although Van Buren and John Adams were very short men. The oldest President was William Henry Harrison, who was 68 years and 1 month old when inaugurated; the youngest was Grant, who was not quite 47 years old.

COUNTY POORHOUSES.

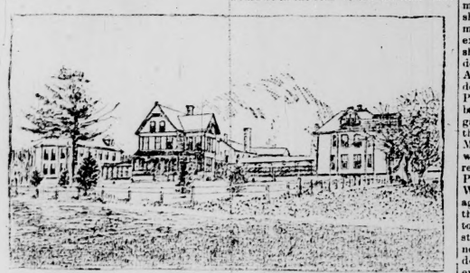
THE POOR WE HAVE ALWAYS WITH US, AND IT IS OUR DUTY TO PROVIDE FOR THEM.

so Thinks the Prisoners' Aid Association—How Best to Help the Worthy Indigent.

The following article from the disinterested stand point of the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada is worthy of respectful attention. This society takes a deep interest in the cause of prison reform and more especially as it relates to the suppression of pauperism and crime. This is a busy work-a-day world and very few of us have either the leisure or the opportunity to properly investigate these important problems. We are under deep obligations to those of our fellow countrymen, who are endeavoring to work out these problems for us. This article is from the pen of Dr. Rosebrugh, the energetic secretary of the association referred to.]

Our association urges the general adoption of the county poorhouse system. We urge this strongly and for the following reasons viz. : 1. We have examined the question very carefully and we find that where the system is adopted it gives general satisfaction. 2. The system is found to largely reduce the amount of mendicity, pauperism and crime in the community. 3. It is the most humane as well as the most economical method of caring for the destitute poor. 4. The skilled medical treatment in the hospital wards of a county poorhouse is the means of restoring many temporarily disable persons to health and strength and to self support who would otherwise become a public burden as chronic invalids. 5. The removal of the simple destitute poor from the county jail, to the county poorhouse is not only a simple act of justice to these unfortunate people but it acts beneficially upon jail discipline by making it possible to effect a better classification of the remaining prisoners.

In England and in the United States the county poorhouse system has been in operation many years. In the Northern States there are very few counties without a poorhouse. Thus for instance, in the State of Ohio there is a poorhouse in every one of its 88 counties. In New York State there is a poorhouse in all but two counties. In Illinois there are 98 county poorhouses, while in the comparatively small and comparatively young State of Michigan there are 71 county "homes," as they are there called.



On the other hand, in Ontario out of a total of 37 counties we can boast of only 1 county poorhouses, although the province has been longer settled than either Illinois or Michigan. From this it will be seen that in the provision made for the relief of the destitute poor of the community our neighbours across the line show to much greater advantage.

The counties in Ontario that have so far adopted the poorhouse system and received the Government grant are as follows, viz.: Brant, Kent, Lincoln, Middlesex, Oxford, Waterloo, Welland, Wellington and York. In answer to a letter of enquiry addressed to the clerk of each of these counties recently, the reply is that the tax payers of these counties are well satisfied with the county poorhouse system.

In view of the fact that several of the counties of the province are at the present time moving in the matter of a county house of refuge or poorhouse, and in view of the fact that we trust this movement will soon become general on the part of county authorities, the time seems opportune for calling attention to certain matters having a bearing upon the question.

The Farm.—In selecting a site for a county poorhouse, sanitation, convenience and economy should be kept in view. It is poor economy to select a farm with poor land because it is cheap. The farm should have good soil, and should be of good size and of not less than 100 acres. Some authorities say there should be two acres to each expected inmate. The location should be not far from a town of some size, and should be easily accessible by rail or by boat. If the institution is easily accessible it will be visited by the clergy and other benevolent persons whose visits will be beneficial. If on the other hand it is too easily accessible it will be visited by a class whose presence is far from desirable. There should be an abundant supply of good water both summer and winter and the buildings should be located on high ground, free from secret springs and such as will admit of good drainage.

The Grounds.—Before commencing to build, the grounds should be surveyed and an accurate map made of all the proposed buildings, yards, sewers, drains and water pipes. All extensions or rebuilding should be in accordance with some general plan and as determined by a map made from a survey. In this map should be included a good sized lawn in front of the buildings. There should be orchards, small fruit and berries, as also some ornamental shrubbery and shade trees. There must be a reliable supply of good water. Without this it is impossible to secure comfort and satisfactory management.

The Buildings.—Many county poorhouses are unfortunately built on a faulty plan and the arrangement of the buildings is neither convenient nor does it admit of a proper classification of its inmates, and the evils resulting from defective construction are a constant source of anxiety to the keepers and their wives. Whatever may be the facts with regard to the poorhouses in Ontario it is said that in some county poorhouses the construction of the building is so faulty that "both old and young, the debased and respectable, those suffering from repulsive diseases and the insane are indiscriminately commingled." We are not aware that this can be said of any of the poorhouses of this province.

We believe that in all the Northern States the county poorhouses are under the supervision of the State Boards of Charity and Correction. Special attention has, of late years, been given by these societies to county poorhouse construction and administration and as a result very great improvements have been brought about.

The primary aims in making plans for a poorhouse, according to Mr. Letchworth, should be "economy, convenience, orderly administration, separation of the sexes, and a right classification of the inmates." This he believes can only be attained by the adoption of what is known as The Cottage System.

Since our attention has been specially directed to this question we have had extensive correspondence with the members of the State Boards of Charity and Correction of the United States and we find that the concensus of opinion is decidedly in favor of the Cottage System. It is true that the cost of building is rather more than for a congregate institution, but as an offset to this it is found in some cases as already mentioned, the farm house purchased with the farm can be made to do duty as the keepers, residence and thus save the erection of one of the buildings.

For the purpose of making the matter as simple as possible let us suppose that the county municipality has purchased a farm for an industrial home; that the farm buildings occupy a good position for the new home, and also that the construction of the farm house is such that it can be used both as a residence for the keeper and as the executive building; and let us suppose farther, for the convenience of description, that said farm house faces the south, and also that the barn is to the northeast of the residence. In this case, for the purpose of establishing the industrial home, we would proceed as follows, viz.: The cottage for the men would be located to the east of the residence, while the cottage for the women would be located on the west side. The building for the kitchen, male and female dining-rooms, etc., would be located in the rear or on the north side of the residence. This latter building would be 15 or 20 feet distant from the residence, while the cottages would be 25 or 30 feet distant. From the rear of the residence a covered way, one story high, would extend east to the cottage for the men, west to the cottage for the women and north to the dining-rooms and kitchen. The covered way extending north to the dining-rooms would be divided by a partition, and there would be two dining-rooms, one on the east side for the men, and one on the west side for the women. The kitchen would be on the north side of the dining-rooms, and the laundry and boiler-house would be in the rear of the kitchen. The space over the dining-rooms and kitchen could be used as a chapel.

The cottages should be only two stories high, and there should be no basement. We call the eastern cottage, the cottage for the men, for the simple reason that in the case supposed, the barn is located to the northeast of the residence. By this arrangement, both the barn and the men's cottage would be to the east of the residence. This is a matter of no slight importance as it is imperative that the two sexes should be kept absolutely separate. With the men's cottage east and the barn to the northeast, the men in passing to and from the barn could not pass in the vicinity of the cottage for the women. The women would of course have a yard to themselves to the west and north of the dining-rooms, so that the strict separation of the sexes would be carried out both outside and out of doors.

In the construction of county homes or houses of industry, the cottage plan presents many important advantages, among which may be enumerated the following, viz:—

1. It effects a perfect separation of the sexes.
2. Caretakers are relieved of much responsibility.
3. It is safer in case of fire.
4. It is safer in cases of contagious diseases.
5. It removes the strong prejudice which many of the respectable indigent poor have against entering a county poorhouse.
6. It provides better opportunities for providing women with little delicacies which they sometimes require.
7. By the cottage system the rooms are better ventilated, and they receive more light and more heat from the sun, and this promotes good health and good spirits.

In providing for the classification of the sexes, it is ever to be borne in mind, that the standard of morality among many of the inmates of county houses of industry is very low indeed, and for this reason they should be so separated, that they can never either speak to or even see each other.

Grave scandals have occurred from want of proper attention to this feature of poorhouse administration. In a certain house of refuge on one occasion when the commissioners were making their inspection they pointed out to the keeper's wife that owing to faulty construction of the building extra vigilance was necessary on her part, "Oh!" said she, "don't you fear, we are all right." On the very next visit of the commissioners she greeted them as follows: "Well, it seems you wise heads knew best after all. Since you were here we find that we have got caught."

Hence, it will be seen that it is necessary that the sexes shall be kept absolutely apart, and this separation should be strictly carried out not only in the building and the yards, but also at church service. This perfect isolating of the sexes can be attained more perfectly by the cottage system, than by the ordinary system.

Since the 1st of September it is reported that over thirty buildings have been destroyed by lightning in Ontario.

The Tramp's See-Saw.

A tramp with a blase manner lackadisically walked up to the rear entrance of a farmhouse and gently tapped the door with his finger tips. The door was opened by a sharp faced vision, who inquired what the gentleman of leisure desired.

"Madam," he said with a very profound bow, "I have a request to prefer."

"Well, sir, be quick about it," was the not encouraging reply.

"Madam I would fain eat."

"Do you see that wood, sir?" she replied, pointing to a large pile of timber which had not been shortened to the required stove length.

Slowly he turned his head and looked in the direction of the pointing finger, then with as much calmness as he could command he spake thus:—

"Madam, you saw me see the wood, but you won't see me saw the wood."

Before the woman had recovered from her surprise he had been wafted away with the parting breeze.

LIZARDS IN THE STOMACH.

A Reptile Swallowed While Drinking in the Dark.

Excruciating Agony Suffered by Mrs. Westfall—Nerves Shattered, and Death Looked for as the Only Relief.

From the Trenton Courier.

The editor of the Courier, having heard of this strange case of Mrs. Simon Westfall, made enquiry and learned the following facts:—Mrs. Westfall said that one evening some three years ago she went to the well and pumping some water drank a portion. As she did so she felt something go down her throat kicking and told her mother so at the time. Little she thought of the agony in store for her through drinking water from a pump in the dark, for a female lizard found its way into her stomach and brought forth a brood. After a while the sight of milk would make her tremble and she had to give it up. The disorder increased so that the very sight of milk would produce effects bordering on convulsions. She lost her appetite but would feel so completely gone at the stomach that she had to eat a cracker and take some barley soup frequently to quiet the disturbance within. She took medicine for dyspepsia and every known stomach disease, but got no relief. She changed doctors and the new doctor having had an experience of this nature before, gave her medicine to kill and expel the lizards. For three years the poor woman suffered all kinds of physical and mental agony. Her whole system, kidneys, liver and stomach were all out of order. Her heart would flutter and palpitate so faintly as to be imperceptible, and a smothering feeling would come over her, that it was often thought she had given her last gasp. Her memory was almost gone, her nerves shattered so that the least sudden movement would bring on collapse through extreme weakness. Sitting or standing she would be dizzy and experience most depressed feelings and lowness of spirits. After the removal of the reptiles, the doctor sanctioned the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she took three boxes but found no apparent relief. She then gave up their use believing she was past the aid of medicine. At this time a Mrs. Haight, who suffered twelve weeks with la grippe, and who was completely restored by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, urged Mrs. Westfall to begin the use of Pink Pills again. She did so and soon she perceived their beneficial effects. Her appetite began to improve and for two months she has steadily gained strength, health and steadiness of nerve and memory. She can now do her household work and feels as well as ever. She says she cannot speak as strongly of Pink Pills as she would like to, and feels very grateful for the great good resulting from the use of this wonderful medicine.

Mrs. Haight, before referred to, is enthusiastic over her own perfect recovery from the after effects of la grippe, feeling as well as ever she did in her life. She also corroborates the above statement regarding Mrs. Westfall's cure.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

If an advertisement writer can say an old thing in a new way, he has about all he originality he needs.



FRANK LEAKE
Oshawa, Ont.

Pains in the Joints

Caused by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied with swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs to bed without crawling on hands and knees. A was very anxious about him, and having read

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got a half-dozen bottles, four of which entirely cured him." MRS. G. A. LAKE, Oshawa, Ontario.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

THIS DREADFUL DISEASE CURED AFTER ALL OTHER REMEDIES FAIL.

The Remarkable Case of a Young Man—He Takes Consumption and When Hourly Expected to Die he Finds a Complete Remedy.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 1.—It is seldom indeed that a hopeless consumptive, who has been given up by the doctors, recovers. Henry Hazen a young man who was born and brought up in this city, has had an experience of this kind which is attracting a great deal of attention among the medical men of this section of the country. Mr. Hazen is twenty-five years of age and he tells the following story:—About three years ago I took la grippe. I had a very severe attack which settled on my lungs and I kept on coughing after la grippe left me. I thought nothing of the cough which seldom troubled me except in the morning after I got up, and then I used to hack and cough for a while and I might not be troubled again that day. Gradually the cough grew more severe and one morning I noticed that there were specks of blood in the stuff I coughed up. However, I thought I would be all right. Last summer I did not feel like myself half the time. I thought I was half asleep the whole time and my cough got very severe and I could not work. I began taking night sweats. I called on a doctor and he told me that I had consumption and that half of my right lung was affected and that only a miracle could save my life. That miracle, I am happy to say, has been accomplished. I was hardly able to move this spring and my death was expected at any time. I happened to see in the paper one day that a German doctor had discovered a blood purifier that was death to microbes and germs of all kinds of disease. I got a box of this preparation, which is called Schiller's Sarsaparilla Pills, and feeling improved I have kept on taking them ever since. My cough has disappeared, and I have gained twenty pounds. The doctors who looked hourly for my death are very much surprised at my remarkable cure.

"To any person threatened or suffering from this terrible disease I say use Schiller's Sarsaparilla Pills. I might add that these pills cured my father of rheumatism he contracted while a prisoner in Libby prison during the civil war." Know your own mind. If your druggists will not get Schiller's Sarsaparilla Pills send to us and we will mail you a box on receipt of 50c. or six boxes for $2.50. Address K. H. Schiller & Co., Toronto.

A Lucky Little Girl.

Little Ethel—"Dottie Dimples is the luckiest little girl I ever knew."

Little Johnny—"Why so?"

Little Ethel—"The only brother she has is grown up."

A Great Shock.

Caller—"Is Professor Missem, the weather prophet, at home?"

Servant—"Yes; but he can't see any one. He is suffering from shock."

Caller—"My! my! Have some of his predictions come true?"

Cold in the head. Nasal balm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails.

Cured the Doctor.

For some time past I suffered from Mumps, Chills, and Liver Complaint. After considerable thought I adopted St. Leon Mineral Water with a view to cure, and I must cordially say I was surprised, but agreeably so, at the great change for the better it has worked in me.

DR. S. GEO. PAQUIN, Quebec.



It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

CANADIANS will be interested to know that the famous Bissell Carpet Sweepers are now manufactured in a factory at Toronto. This means that Canadians will be able to purchase the genuine Bissell sweepers at prices that will enable every housekeeper to possess a sweeper publicly recognized the best in the world.



HORNS MUST GO.

The Leavill Dehorning Clippers will take them off with less trouble and less pain than any other way.

Send for circular giving price, testimonials, etc.

S. S. KIMBALL.
317 Craig Street, Montreal.







A Woman's Burdens

are lightened when she turns to the right medicine. If her existence is made gloomy by the chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex. She will find relief and emancipation from her troubles in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Is she overworked, nervous or "run-down," she has new life and strength after using this remarkable remedy. It's a powerful, invigorating tonic and nervine which was discovered and used by an eminent physician for many years, in all cases of "female complaints" and weakness. For young girls just entering womanhood; for women at the "critical change of life; in bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, ulceration, inflammation, and every kindred ailment, if it ever fails to cure, you have your money back.

The Reason.

Mavencet—Why is it that when a doctor is ill he always calls in another doctor?

Pillsbury—Suicide is so cowardly, you know. He prefers to let the other fellow do the job honorably.

Looks Often Deceiving.

Anxious Mother—"I don't much like the looks of that boy you were with to-day."

Little Willie—"Oh, you can't go by looks. He's the best pitcher in our nine."

Charlatans and Quacks.

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering pedals of the people. The knife has pared to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

"What do you want to be, Freddie, when you are a man?" Freddie—"I think t'would be awful nice to be an orphan."

Get Rid of Neuralgia.

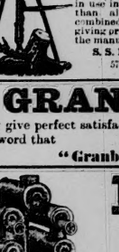
There is no use in fooling with neuralgia. It is a disease that gives way only to the most powerful remedies. No remedy yet discovered has given the grand results that invariably attends the employment of Polson's Nerviline. Nerviline is a positive specific for all nerve pains, and ought to be kept on hand in every family. Sold every where, 25 cents a bottle.

A. P. 733



MANHOOD Wrecked & Rescued

By W. J. HUNTER, Ph.D., D.D. A series of chapters to men on social purity and right living. It is written in plain language that all may understand. Live Agents wanted. Circulars containing terms sent on application WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto, Ont.



CHAMPION
STUMP AND STONE EXTRACTORS.

There are more than 4,000 of these machines in use in the Dominion than all other kinds combined. For circular giving price, etc., address the manufacturer,

S. S. KIMBALL,
577 Craig St.
Montreal, P.Q.

GRANBY RUBBERS

They give perfect satisfaction in fit, style and finish, and it has become a by word that

"Granby Rubbers" wear like iron.



HEATING

Our Specialty.

We have letters from all parts of Canada saying

Preston Furnaces are the Best

Let us send you Catalogue and full particulars, and you can

Judge for Yourself.

CLARE BROS. & CO., - PRESTON, ONT





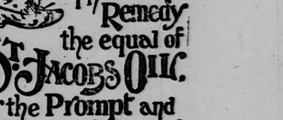
Loss of Flesh

is one of the first signs of poor health. Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Diseased Blood follow.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, cures all of these weaknesses. Take it in time to avert illness if you can. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists 50c. and $1.



a young man or woman can do is to attend The Northern Business College for a term. Do you want to know what you can learn? Then write for Announcement to C. A. Fleming, Owen Sound, Ont.



Marlin Rifles are made in 15 inches 32 calibres and 4 styles. They have solid top receivers and eject at the side, consequently are the most practical for rough usage.

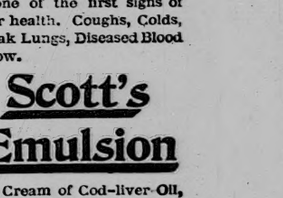
Light Weight. Quick Action. Fewer parts than other repeaters, and simpler. Write for catalogues to The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

Champion of Canada . . .

I have been drinking St. Leon Mineral Water regularly for four years, and consider it the very best thing to drink while in general training. It is an excellent regulator, having completely cured me of constipation and kidney trouble.

W. H. HASLITT, 385 Manning Ave.,
Champion Pedestrian of Canada.

St. Leon Mineral Water Co'y, Ltd.
Head Office—King St. W., Toronto.
All Druggists, Grocers and Hotels.



YOUR PROFITS

Will be increased, your land freed from foul weeds, if you

Feed Your Stock

Grain Ground

by a

WATEROUS

Buhr Stone Chopper

Grinds everything, even to the finest seeds.

Stone last a lifetime.

Iron plates, chilled lugs, are not in it with French Buhr Stones, 6 inches thick.

Chilled Clear Through.

Easy to run, simple, durable, fast—Write us.

Waterous, Brantford CANADA.

THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.

Grayson Block, Main Street.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

WALTER SCOTT, ... Editor and Proprietor.
SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 per year.

Schedule of Advertising Rates on Application.

Advertisements of Wants, To Let, Lost, Found, etc., when under 1 inch, will be inserted for 50c.; subsequent insertions 25c. each.

All transient advertisements, such as By-laws, Mortgage and Sheriff Sales, Assignments, and also Government and Corporation notices, inserted once for 12c per line; subsequent insertions 8c. – said nonpareil measurement.

JOB PRINTING

Our job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first-class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1894.

Number one of volume ten of The Calgary Tribune is published under the supervisorship of its new proprietor, Mr. J. A. Reid. The weekly edition appears in six column, eight-page form and Mr. Reid's straightforward writing is manifest on every page.

A Neepawa man writes to the Patrons' Advocate: "We have too "many men ready to barter away the "liberties of the people for gold. In "voting for a bill they ask themselves, "'Is it expedient?' not 'Is it right?' "It is because I believe the Patron "movement will crowd such men out "of public life, and encourage honesty "in public affairs, that I support it."

Archdeacon Winter, an old-time resident of York Factory, lectured at Prince Albert recently. He said he had observed more Sabbath breaking in one hour in civilization than he had seen during the whole of his thirteen years residence among the Indians, and if the civilized nations of the world professed, exhibited and practiced as much of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ as the Indians of York, the world would be far happier then it is at the present moment.

THE SENATOR IS RIGHT.

Senator Boulton writes to the Winnipeg papers regarding the Freight Rates Commission, that while the personnel of the Commission is certainly not hostile to the C.P.R., yet (in his own words), "the commission should be availed of as far as practicable, to place on record evidence of discrimination in freight rates, and to elicit all the information available in regard to them. The commission is the machinery by which complaints of injustice or high rates can properly and effectually reach the public through parliament. The evidence is collected by the commission, reported to the government and printed in the blue books for distribution among the members of parliament, and upon the character of that evidence will legislation for the amelioration of our transportation charges be considered by parliament."

The Senator and THE TIMES are of the same opinion.

HOPE IN THE FUTURE.

The Lethbridge News last week entered upon its tenth year of continuous publication, and upon the occasion it pulled itself up to consider its past, present and future prospects. The following is extracted from its meditations:

"It is probable that the greatest cause for the disappointment we have had was the too sanguine view we took of the development of the North-West. In 1885 we anticipated a far more rapid settlement and development of the country than has been actually realized. The C. P. R. had been completed and was in full operation; times were good and we were promised a vigorous immigration policy. But the benefits expected from the C.P.R. have proved dead sea apples, the vigorous immigration policy has yet to be developed and the times that were good suddenly changed to times that were crushing in their poverty. It is possible that the financial depression that has existed for now nearly three years, may be chiefly responsible for the slow development of the North-West of recent years. Enterprise has been stagnant and development nipped in the bud, and those who have survived that storm may well congratulate themselves, and those who have made headway during that period must have had indeed a solid base for their growth.

"The present financial depression cannot always continue to exist. A period of depression always gives place to more prosperous times, which usually culminate in a financial inflation which is again followed by another depression and we may well hope that our end of the money market see saw will soon be uppermost again. Already there are indications that the clouds are lifting. Colonial and foreign investments are once more being considered by English capitalists, and when once they consider them, although it may be some time before the purse strings are opened, there is no doubt but that they eventually will be."

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The formation of a Literary and Debating Society in town, which was chronicled last week, is a movement of which too much good cannot be spoken. To young men the society may become an agency through which may be derived untold advantages. Knowledge is power, and none can fail to imbibe knowledge in a live debating club. But the ability to impart knowledge, is the utilization of power. The water power in Niagara is of little human advantage until it is harnessed and made to turn wheels for electricity generation. It is in the harnessing of the power of knowledge that the debating club bestows the greatest benefit. To people past middle age the society does not offer such material advantage as to the young folk; to old men the most pleasing feature of literary society work, apart from the amusement and entertainment it affords, is the assurance that by it they are helping to educate and improve the youth of the town,—perchance through their service and assistance dormant genius may be coaxed into blossom, that may in days to come yield golden fruit.

SAFETY ON THE RAIL.

Accepting a pointer from the Prince Albert Advocate, THE TIMES has made enquiry regarding The Advocate's statement that every section man on the Prince Albert branch railway has been discharged. The Advocate is correct. There are now no section men engaged on that branch. As we knew, however, by The Advocate's statement that such a condition existed, it was more particularly upon the effect of the condition that we endeavored to gain information.

In a previous item on this matter we said that the public could rely for safety on the rail upon the fact that the railway company's self-interest demanded all possible safety. We have as little knowledge of practical railroading and what constitutes "necessary" safeguards as the average traveller. The company's managers and superintendents possess the knowledge which we lack; and if in their wisdom they deem it possible to dispense with the services of trackmen on the Prince Albert branch for a time, we can still travel over that line without any increased apprehension of danger.

The Advocate must recollect what a vast difference there must be between the safeguards that are necessary on a railway over which trains going fifty miles an hour pass many times a day, and a railway like the Prince Albert branch on which the average running rate does not exceed twenty miles and on which there are never two trains at one time.

By our enquiries we learned that the continued frost of a North-West winter makes a solid and comparatively safe roadbed. In this country trackmen's duties in winter are mainly to keep the lines free from snow. The frost makes repairs unnecessary and in fact almost impossible. The only real danger there is liability of on that branch is from broken rails, and so long as there are no thaws the rails may be counted upon to remain intact. The forces of trackmen heretofore employed have not been sufficient to make a perfect patrol, so that The Advocate by relying upon the trackmen as a safeguard was pinning faith to a false security. A competent roadmaster spends his time going over the line: if weak spots develop he is empowered to engage temporary staffs to make imperative repairs.

That the C.P.R. is as well equipped and safe a line as there is in America, is a fact so well known that it needs no repetition, and The Advocate may rest assured that if a force of trackmen on the Prince Albert branch was a necessity for the preservation of the company's unstained record in the matter of slaughtered passengers, the force would be maintained, regardless of cost. While THE TIMES feels sincere regret at the fate of the trackmen who have lost employment, that is a consideration which should not bear on the question. The point we wish to emphasize is that a policy of economy—true economy, which of course the removal of necessary safeguards would not be—should be commended rather than condemned, as being in the best interest of the company itself and of the country as a whole.

THE EXECUTIVE.

The Calgary Tribune, like several of our Territorial contemporaries, falls into the error of accepting as an authoritative statement The Regina Leader's forecast of the personnel of what is styled a "new" Executive Committee, — Messrs. Haultain, Magrath, Ross and Insinger. If it were necessary that a new Committee be chosen at this time, The Leader's nomination might well pass muster; but it is not merely unnecessary,—it is impossible, that a new Committee can at present be appointed. Our contemporaries will have to endure the old Committee yet a little while.

Three members of the Executive Committee were returned to the Assembly by their former constituents at the October elections. Unless these three members are summoned hence or do voluntarily resign, they will, by the provisions of the North-West Territories Act, continue as members of the Committee until the Assembly in regular session assembled exercises its privilege of removing them from, or again establishing them in office. The country would certainly not endorse any expense for a special session of the House just now; so it seems clear that these clamorers for a new Executive will have to possess their souls with patience.

A fourth member of the Committee was not re-elected; thus a vacancy was created which, by special provision, has to be filled by the choice of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council.

Undue haste cannot be charged, if the vacancy is filled immediately. If the council has been waiting to receive hints and suggestions, they have not waited in vain. A suggested name for the vacant seat that has been spoken of persistently and every time favorably, is the name of James H. Ross, Member for Moose Jaw, with an accent on the "Jim." His appointment is endorsed before-hand by the entire country.

Much has been written unnecessarily of the inimical principle of District representation on the Executive. THE TIMES believes that four good men should compose the Committee, regardless of their residence. They should be chosen primarily for their ability and knowledge. It is upon the latter qualification that districts have mainly to depend for cabinet representation. Each of the four provisional districts in the Territories has important interests peculiarly its own. A resident of any district is almost bound to possess a knowledge of those interests which should take precedence of the possibly superior abilities of other aspirants for office. To make our point clear, let us suppose that Nova Scotia returned to Dominion Parliament enough men of transcendental ability to form a government. It is quite within the range of reason to suppose that this government would not so well conduct Canada's business, and would not be so acceptable to the people of Canada, as a government chosen from representatives of the different provinces, because the Nova Scotians might be presumed to lack that intimate knowledge of the conditions of Ontario or of British Columbia, which would be possessed by the inter-provincial government. This might be taken as a consideration in practice rather than as an unyielding principle. There have doubtless been cases at Ottawa, when rigid adhesion to the principle has resulted in placing in the cabinet men inferior both in ability and general knowledge.

It is fairly well understood in the Territories that as a ruling principle the District representation plan is not to be rigidly followed, and it is unnecessary that the powers that be should take particular pains to emphasize the position. A case may be relied upon to meet them some day, without their going out of the way to meet a case. If no such case does arise, it will be a matter for congratulation. In the present situation, there are on the Committee men from Saskatchewan, Alberta and Eastern Assiniboia. Western Assiniboia possesses a most competent man for the vacant seat in Mr. Ross; and that Mr. Ross' appointment will be a perpetuation of the principle of District representation is a very weak argument to use against it.

We are not aware that Mr. Ross is aspiring for the seat; it seems rather that the position is aspiring for Mr. Ross, and as that gentleman has never seemed anxious to make an exhibition of false modesty, we do not doubt that if the position keeps looking at him, in good time it will catch his eye.

A RE-COUNT.

The Fun That May Be Had in a Camping Party.

The editor spends a busy life. And people will not believe it. People see him on the street, in the prayer meeting, at the fair, garden party and concert, as a pall-bearer at funerals, they see him passing round the hat for the boy whose dog licked the other pup in fair fight, and they see him following the band whenever a celebrity comes to town, and they think he does nothing but loaf. The fact is that everytime they see him he is working hard, but no one knows it. The editor can always take time to sit up a spell with a sick brother or sister, to slip 'round the corner for a glass of strawberry-soda with a well pleased subscriber, to give a ten-minutes' address at the Sunday School convention, but alas! the editor can never take a holiday! It is not his privilege to leave the dust and smut of the sanctum behind and betake himself to the refreshing shades of the natural parks stretched along the banks of the trout stream; or to loose himself from the sweat and turmoil of the jabbering populace to give rest to his brain and baths to his feet, seated on the shining peebles of a lonespme beach.

The editor must stay with it!

When he leaves the office for a rest, he generally goes out feet foremost, followed by the tears of his fellows and a quid of worn-out tobacco from the printer's imp, while the office towel takes on a deeper and more sombre hue in memory of the dear departed. But the press keeps a-humming and the sub editor moves a step upwards and shunts the straddle-brace of his spectacles a little farther down his nose, to continue the same round of endless repetition of births, marriages, deaths, abortions, elopements, suicides, coronations, divorces, double-barrelled murders, with every other day a spice of aldermanic boodling, a fresh-fangled railroad accident or an entirely-new and bound-to-sweep-clean third party in politics, until he, too, comes to the the severed segment in the silver thread of life, and is, like his predecessor, borne from the scene of his activity and the smell of the paste pot to be placed beside the bones of his fathers, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, beneath the spreading and dew-laden branches of the weeping willow.

It was therefore with a feeling akin to hilarity that the editor,—accepting an invitation from kind friends who were in camp at Buffalo Lake,—on a a Saturday afternoon a few weeks since, threw the shears into the ink barrel, gave the keys of the money-box to the boys, and lighting a five-cent cigar, mounted into the seat of a well-oiled chariot; behind a lean but lightning-gaited specimen of horseflesh, and —with a file of the Christian Guardian and a briar-wooded pipe in one pocket and a few charges of buck-shot and a small can of carrots for Bucephalous under the seat,—started for the Lake. It was a fitting moment for hilarity, for was he not going to enjoy that forbidden luxury,—a holiday? It was the right time for hilarity, for who could tell whether, when the holiday was over, there would be any room or cause for joyousness?

So the editor was hilarious. Once clear of the sacred precincts of the town and out upon the broad and boundless prairie, his hilarity broke loose in symphonies so inspiriting that the horse, catching the air, broke into a run and was only stopped when the sound was drowned by dust. The melody took a turn and the horse was soothed to slumber. Another change in the tune, and the horse waxed wroth and began kicking.

Nevertheless the editor reached camp, still possessed of more or less hilarity, and was taken under canvas and his head bathed and he was fed, and darkness came down like a mantle and hid the face of the lake and likewise the face of the man who told of the fish that he had caught and given to a farmer, and of the geese that he had shot but which he had lost in the marsh; and they sat about the camp stove in the chill October air while the singer sang his song and the raconteur told his tale and the editor recited the little recitation that he had learned in the old log school house in Ontario forty years ago, and by and by the children were bundled into bed, the ladies withdrew behind the curtain-partition, the men rolled into their blankets, all nature seemed to snore, and it began to rain. That's what caused the catastrophe. The rain drops pattered on the canvas, the wind moaned dismally through the branches of the trees, the fire was dying out, when, suddenly, shriek upon shriek rang out from behind the curtain. "Snakes, vipers, centipedes!" and a white robed figure sprang out and shivered in the darkness. In an instant every occupant of the tent was aroused, lanterns were lighted, and the midnight party instituted a search for the clammy reptile. Alas! no search was needful. Not one, nor twenty, nor sixty, but myriads of lizards thronged the ground flour of the tent. Under the carpet, in the beds, everywhere! The scene defies description. The editor helped to shovel them out. They were one inch long, they were three inches long, they were seven inches long, they were as long as the tent, but the editor carried the day. The rain ceased, and the editor pronounced the benediction. Soon peace reigned again; the man in the red night-gown and grey blankets snored as before; the watch said it was the hour of three. But what was the matter with the dog? Sniff, sniff, sniffing round the tent. "Goodness gracious, what an aroma!" came from behind the curtain. "Moses, what a smell!" from red night-gown. "Jumping Jupiter, but this beats my time!" from the fish story man. "Shades of the departed Cæsar, this is intolerable; let us investigate again!" said the editor, and the smell grew denser. Oh! the horror of it! The poor dog had to be buried. The origin of the odor was discovered in the cooking tent, busily engaged in dissecting a nice fat goose that had been prepared for the oven. He was of the genus *Mephitica* He was given the contents of two barrell of a shot gun and the editor suspended his remains as a trophy on a branch some three miles up the banks of the lake, where his bleaching bones are probably still swinging pendulum-like in the same breezes that he was wont to render so offensive.

So ended the editor's holiday.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

M. J. MacLEOD

MONEY

We need, and to cash customers we will say

GET OUR PRICES

Before buying.

THIS WEEK

we are going to offer the greatest values in Ready-made Clothing you ever had the

PRIVILEGE OF SNAPPING UP.

ODD PANTS

We have Two Hundred pairs to choose from at such low prices that they are bound to go. There is left Eight good heavy Men's Frieze

OVERCOATS

with fur collars that were good value at $15.00; now

$10.00.

Boys' Overcoats and Pea Jackets at away-down prices. See our great values in

OVERSHOES,

Moccasins and all kinds of foot wear.

M. J. MacLEOD.

BULL FOR SERVICE!

That thorough-bred Durham bull "Ranger," 16395 (Dominion Short Horn Herd Book). Fee $2.00. Cash must be paid at time of service.

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Another Version of "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits here and there
The firelight shadows flutt'ring go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a farther room
Comes—"Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years.
And lingers with a dear one there;
And, as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me,
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother hold my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone—
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—EUGENE FIELD.

Useful Parliamentarians.

The Canadian people will not be well advised if they permit the fierceness of the party contest to deprive them of the services of ability and experience and special training in their national council room. Parliament is not primarily a cock-pit for the party gamesters. It is presumably a gathering of the wise men of the nation, who come together to administer our affairs, to transact public business, and map out the most prudent courses for the future. Long experience in the public service is a most valuable qualification for a member of such a body—a much more valuable qualification, by the way, than an empty past that can arouse no antagonisms or even an ability to "jolly" a crowd into the best of humor. It is quite conceivable that a man may be a very desirable member of Parliament without being regarded as an exceedingly desirable leader of a party in a party fight. Mr. Blake, for instance, was charged with approaching too nearly to the character of an iceberg to be a very magnetic and attractive leader of the mob; but who would deny that the loss of his services by the Canadian Parliament was a real and substantial loss. Such men may be worth more to their country then they are to their respective parties, and the captain of the party "team" may often be willing to see them disappear from the arena, or may even treat them as King David did Urish, the Hittite; but unless Canadians are hopelessly bitten by the frenzy of partisanship, they will not permit themselves to be deprived of experienced and able councillors because they do not run well by the party chariot.

Party succeeds in overriding most barriers. For example, across the line the College of Electors was devised to protect the Presidential residence from invasion by the periodical party stampedes. The electors must not be members of Congress or holders of any Federal office. Bryce says: "This plan was expected to secure the choice by the best citizens of each state, in a tranquil and deliberate way, of the man whom they in their unfettered discretion should deem fittest to be the chief magistrate of the union." But the makers of the American constitution reckoned without the resistless force of the party mania. "No part (of their plan)," says Bryce, "has so utterly belied their expectations. The Presidential Electors have become a mere cogwheel in the machine." Party has jumped this barrier and captured this citadel. Similarly Parliament was long ago overcome by the party deluge. But forces are at work to-day that may partially restore that body to its old function of a gathering of wise citizens. At least, something may be occasionally done to prevent valuable men from going down amid the party scrifle. There are a number of members in Parliament, on both sides of the House, who should be returned regardless of party affiliations; for their criticisms if not their counsels are needed. An experienced financier like Sir Richard Cartwright, a constitutional authority like Prof. Weldon, lawyers of the calibre of the Premier, of Mr. McCarthy, of Mr. Davies, experienced Parliamentarians of sufficient independence to think of the needs of the country occasionally, are all men whose retirement would be a loss to the people, no matter how their parties might prosper without them.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

Seed Grain.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

DEAR SIR:—I have been watching for a good long time now to hear from the farmers or Patrons or from some of the leading men of the district, taking up the seed grain question; but so far, have not seen anything bearing on it. That should interest all farmers in the district, as I venture to say there is not more than half a dozen farmers in the Moose Jaw district that have their seed to put in the land that they have cultivated; and there is a lot of land in fine shape for crop next season. It was not the farmers' fault that they had not a crop last season, for there was a larger percentage put in in better shape last season then in any previous year, but we had the dryest and hottest season that I have seen, and I have been in the country for thirteen years. I think that we ought to get our seed free from some source or another, as it is general this year, and no one can say it is his neighbor's fault that he has not got his seed. For my part I think the C.P.R. Company has a right to do a great deal in supplying seed, as they receive a great deal of the money made by farmers when a good crop is reaped, in more ways than one: By the carrying of it to the east and also by the money received for their land, and that means a great deal to them. I am sure the settler would only be too glad to have more C.P.R. land paying school taxes, as it is pretty hard for us to pay for schools knowing as we do that every alternate section of land belongs to the C.P.R., and that by our paying taxes for keeping school we are advancing the price of these lands and helping them in every other way. I am sure, knowing this and they knowing it all as well as us, we should not hesitate to ask them to fetch us in our seed and flour free of charge, as well as to supply us with seed for all the C.P.R. land prepared for crop in 1895. So far as I can see it would be just and right that they should do so. We have spent our time, and many of us money, experimenting in this country to see how it was going to turn out, and largely in the interests of the C.P.R. and the government. Now, I think that it would be as little as they can do to give us our seed between them free. I do not say that we are not looking out for our own interests, but so far we have got very little for our labor, and if we have to pay them for seed they want to do something right away as we can get our wheat cheaper now than in the spring and can get it out to our farms easier on the sleighs than drawing it out in the mud in the spring, and harassing our teams just before starting the seeding when they have no feed in them; they are as bad as their masters; the vim is all out of them, and you do not hear a word now since the Elections; but we will have another one boys!

AN OLD SETTLER.

A Boon to Horsemen:—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains. GEORGE ROBB, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by W. W. Bole.

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The use of Ripans Tabules for headaches, dyspepsia and other stomach disorders is not an experiment but an assured success. They will do all that we say they will.

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Rejoice Together.

Wee Year Old Maggie McRitchie, a Victim of Chronic Fainting Spells and Nervous Weakness, Completely Cured by South American Nervine After all Other Efforts had Failed. The Mother, a Sufferer From Nervous Prostration and Indigestion, Likewise Cured. Hear What the Thankful Father Has to Say.



MRS. JAMES McRITCHIE AND DAUGHTER.

A leading local physician, whose profession takes him among the children of the various public institutions, remarked to the writer, that one would hardly believe that so many children were affected by nervous troubles, which sap the system and prevent proper development. In many cases the doctors are powerless to cure these troubles. They can relieve the suffering little ones, but in South American Nervine we have a medicine that does more than simply give relief. Its peculiar strength is that it completely cures where physicians relieve. A case in point came to us the 24th ult., in a letter from Mr. James W. McRitchie of Bothwell, Ont. He says:—"My daughter Maggie, aged 9 years, was afflicted with nervous fainting spells for over a year, which left her in such a condition of weakness afterwards that the child was practically an invalid. We tried several remedies and doctored with her in one way and another, but nothing gave relief. Seeing South American Nervine advertised, as particularly efficacious in nervous diseases, I decided on trying it for her, and I must say that I noticed a decided change in my daughter for the better after she had taken only a few doses. As a result of using this medicine, she is now entirely free from those fainting spells and possessed of that life and brightness that is the happy lot of childhood. I am satisfied it is an excellent medicine for any nervous weakness. My experience has been further supplemented in the fact that my wife has also been using South American Nervine for indigestion, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, and has found very great relief."

Whether the patient be man or woman, young or old, South American Nervine provides a complete medium for restoration to health. It is a medicine differing absolutely from every other. A cure is effected by application to the nerve centres of the human system, and science has proved that when these nerve centres are kept healthy the whole body is healthy. For these reasons failure is impossible.

For Sale by W. W. BOLE,
Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

UNDER A CLOUD.

A THRILLING TALE OF HUMAN LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

A BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

"Well?"

"You rang, sir.

"No, confound you! I did not ring."

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure, sir. 'Letric bell's a little out of order, sir. Telltales show wrong numbers, sir."

"I engaged a suite of private rooms in his hotel, and there's not a bit of privacy."

"Very sorry, sir, indeed."

"And look here, waiter."

"Yes, sir."

"When you address me it is customary to say Sir Mark."

"Of course, Sir Mark; my mistake, Sir Mark. I'll mind in future."

"Has the carriage arrived?"

"Not yet, Sir Mark."

"Thank you; that will do. No; a moment. The wedding breakfast. Everything is quite ready, I hope?"

"The head waiter has it in hand, Sir Mark, and the table looks lovely."

"Thanks. Ahem! a trifle now. I shall remember you when I leave. I spoke a little testily just this minute. A little out of order, waiter. Touch of my old fever, caught in the East."

The waiter smiled and bowed as he pocketed a new five-shilling piece, and looked with fresh interest at the fine looking, florid, elderly man who kept pacing the room with a newspaper in his hand as he talked.

"Anything more I can do, Sir Mark, before I leave the room?"

"Hang it all, no, sir," cried the old officer, flashing out once more irritably. "This is not a public dinner, and I have given you a vail."

"Of course, Sir Mark; and I don't mean ——"

"Then way did you use that confounded old stereotyped waiter's expression? I wonder you did not hand me a toothpick."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Mark, I'm sure."

"Go and read 'Peter Simple,' and take Chuck's, the boatswain's, words to heart."

"Certainly, Sir Mark," and the waiter hurried to the door, leaving Admiral Sir Mark Jerrold muttering, and in time to admit a charmingly dressed fair-haired bridesmaid in palest blue, and wearing a handsome diamond locket at her throat, and a few white pearls on her cheeks, living pearls, just escaped from her pretty, red-rimmed eyes.

"'Trencher scraping—shilling seeker—napkin carrying.' Ah, Edie, my darling—all ready?"

"Yes, uncle, dear; but oh, you do look cross!"

She clung to his arm and put up her lips to kiss the old man, whose face softened at her touch.

"No, no, my dear, not cross; only worried and irritable. Hang it, Edie, my pet, it's a horrible wrench to lose her. No hope of that scoundrel Stratton breaking his neck, or repenting, or anything, is there?"

"Oh, uncle dear, don't. Myra is so happy. She does love him so."

"And her poor old father's nobody now."

"You don't think so, uncle," said the girl, smiling through her tears, as she rearranged the old officer's tie, and gave a dainty touch to the estephanotis in the button hole of his blue frock coat. "And you know you want to see her happily married to the man she loves, and who loves her with all his heart."

"Heigho! I suppose so."

"And I've come down to ask if you'd like to see her. They're just putting the last finishing touches."

"So we may," cried Sir Mark eagerly. "Does she look nice?"

"Lovely, uncle; all but——"

The girl ceased speaking, and looked conscious.

"Eh? All but what?"

"You will see, uncle, directly. I will not say any more about it. She would have her own way."

"Here, I'll come at once."

"No, no, uncle dear; I'll go and fetch her down."

"And make a parade of her all through this confounded caravanserai of an hotel!" cried the old man testily. "I can't think why she persisted in having it away from home."

"Yes you can, uncle dear," said the girl soothingly. "It was very, very natural. But do, do be gentle with her. She is so ready to burst into tears, and I want her to go off as happy as the day."

"Of course, Edie, my dear; of course. I'll bottle it all up, and then you and your old fool of an uncle can have a good cry together all to ourselves, eh? But I say, little one, no hitches this time in the anchorage."

"There very nearly was one, uncle."

"What?" roared the old man, flushing. "But I set it right with a telegram."

"What— what was it? Stratton going to shuffle?"

"Oh, uncle, absurd! The bouquet for the bride had not come."

"Pooh! A woman can be married without a bouquet."

"No, no, uncle! But I sent off a message, and Mr. Guest brought it himself."

"Then he has been again."

"Uncle! Why, he's Malcolm Stratton's best man."

"He's the worst man I know. I loathe him."

"You don't, uncle."

"Yes I do, and I'm not blind. Do you suppose I want to be left to a desolate old age. Isn't it bad enough to lose Myra without——"

"Oh, uncle!" cried the girl, whose cheeks were crimson, "there isn't a moment to lose;" and she darted to the door, leaving the admiral chuckling.

"A wicked little pirate! How soon she showed the red flag aloft. Ah, well, it's nature—nature, and one mustn't be selfish. Not much chance. I don't know what we're born for, unless it's to be slaves to other people."

He turned over his newspaper, and began running down the list of marriages.

"Here they are," he muttered, all going the same way," and he stood musing sadly upon the question of the young women's quitting the old hives, till the door was opened again and Edie Perrin ushered in her cousin, tall, graceful, and with that indescribable look of love and happiness seen in a bride's eyes on her wedding morn.

"Here she is, uncle," cried Edie, who then uttered a sob, and hurried away with a rustling noise to hide the tears she could not restrain.

"My darling!" cried the old man huskily as he drew his child to his breast; "and am I to feel that it is quite right, and that you are happy?"

"Oh, so happy, father; so content at at,"—at last she whispered as she clung to him lovingly. "Only there is one thing."

"Eh? what—what?" cried the admiral excitedly.

"Leaving home and you."

The old man drew a deep breath full of relief. "Oh, pooh, pooh, nonsense, my pet," he cried, looking at her beautiful pensive face proudly; "don't mind that; I'm glad of it."

"Glad, father?"

"No, no, not to lose you, my darling, but for you to go away with the man you love and who loves you. I hate him for taking you, but he is a splendid fellow, Myra. What a sailor he would have made!"

"Yes, father."

"If they had not spoiled him by getting all that natural history stuff in his head. But I say, my darling," he continued as he held his child at arm's length, admiring her, but pushing up his hand.

"Yes, dear?"

"Isn't this a little too—too punctilious? Very lovely, dear; you look all that a man could wish for, but it's a mistake to dress—well, to parade that nonsense about your being a widow."

"Nonsense, dear?" said Myra, smiling sadly. "It was no nonsense. Whatever that man may have been I swore at the altar to be his faithful wife."

"Till death did you part, eh! Yes, yes, yes," said the admiral testily, "but he's dead and gone and forgotten; there is no need to dig him up again."

"Papa!"

"Well, I mean by going to what will be a real wedding in half mourning."

"Malcolm agreed that I was right, dear."

"Oh, then I'm wrong. Only, if I had known, I should have put my foot down, —hard. Why, even Edie was hinting at it just now."

"Let the past rest, dear," said Myra gently.

"After this morning—yes, my darling. But I always feel as if I ought to apologize to you, Myra."

"No, no, dear."

"But I say yes. The clever, plausible scoundrel dazzled me, and I thought your opposition only maidenly shrinking. Yes, dazzled me, with his wit and cheery manners, knowledge of the world, and such a game, too, as he played at piquet. It was ashore, you see, and he was too much for me. If I'd had him at sea it would have been different. I was to blame all through—but you forgive me all the misery I caused you?"

"My dear father!"

"Ah, there I am crushing your dress again. Stratton's a lucky dog, and we'll think it was all for the best."

"Of course, dear."

"Snowed what a good true-hearted fellow he was—sort of probationer, eh?"

Myra turned her head. She could not speak—only clung to the parent she was so soon to leave.

"Then good-by to James Barron, alias Dale, and all his works, Myra. Oh, dear me! In a very short time it will be Mrs. Malcolm Stratton, and I shall be all alone."

"No, you will not, uncle," said Edie, who had entered unobserved after letting off a fusilade of sobs outside the door, and her pretty grey eyes a little redder, "and you are not to talk like that to Myra; she wants comforting. Uncle will not be alone, dear, for I sha'l do all I can to make him happy."

"Bah! A jade, a cheat, my dear. Don't believe her," cried the admiral merrily; "she has a strange Guest in her eye—Hotspur—Percy. Look at her."

"Don't Myra dear. Kiss Uncle and come back to your room," and after a loving embrace between father and daughter the bridesmaid carried off the bride to the room where the traveling trunks lay ready packed, the bridal veil on a chair; and after the last touches had been given to the bride's toilet, the cousins were left alone.

"Now, Myra darling, any more commands for me about uncle? We may not have another chance."

"No, dear," said the bride thoughtfully, "I could say nothing you will not think of for yourself. Don't let him miss me, dear."

"You know I will not. Bless you, pet; you happy darling, you've won the best husband in the world. But how funny it seems to have to go through all this again."

"Hush, dear—Don't—pray don't talk about it."

"I can't help it, Myra; my tongue will talk this morning. Oh, I am so glad that it will be all right this time."

Myra's brow contracted a little, but her cousin rattled on.

"It has always seemed to me such stuff to talk of you as a widow. Oh, Myra, don't look like that. What a stupid, thoughtless thing I am."

She flung her arms about her cousin, and was again bursting into tears when there was a tap at the door, and she shrank away.

"Come in."

One of the lady's maids appeared.

"Sir Mark says, ma'am, that the carriages are waiting, and Miss Jerrold will not come up."

Myra took her bouquet and turned calmly to her cousin as the maid burst out with:

"God bless you, Miss Myra—I mean madame. May you be very happy."

The second maid was at hand to second the wish, and the pair performed a duet in sobs as the cousins swept down the broad staircase to the admiral's room.

"Time, my dear, time," cried Sir Mark jovially. "Come, Edith, aunt will be furious if you keep her any longer."

Edie took her arm, but dropped it again to run and kiss her cousin once again. Then tripping to the old man's side he led her down the broad staircase and across the hall, now pretty well thronged with visitors, and the servants in the background to see the departure.

A carriage was in waiting, with a tall, stern looking, gray lady inside.

"Late, Mark," she said sharply. "Come Edie, my child, and let's get it over."

"You're all alike," said the admiral, as the bridesmaid took her place, the carriage started, and with head erect the old sailor strode back, seeing nobody, and went up to his room, to return soon after, amid a buzz of whispering, proudly leading down the bride.

"And only one brideamaid," whispered a lady visitor at the hotel.

"Young widow—very private affair—by the lady's wish," was whispered back loud enough for Myra and her father to hear as they passed down the steps.

"Let them chatter," said the old man to himself. "They haven't seen such a bride for years."

Quite a little crowd followed to the hotel door, there was a general waving of handkerchiefs, and one lady threw a boquet of white roses as the carriage door was shut with a bang, the servant sprang up, and the next moment the admiral's handsome pair of bays dashed off towards the great West End church.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CRISIS IN THE EAST.

Great Britain, France, Russia, and Germany are Taking Action in the Affairs of China.

It is now evident that matters are approaching a crisis in the Orient, and talk about the occupation of Pekin and the partition of the Chinese Empire is no longer idle. According to the latest despatches the Chinese soldiery have become mutinous, deserters are numerous, order in the Empire is giving place to anarchy, and the troops of the Mikado are consequently advancing almost unopposed. One Japanese army, probably commanded by Count Yamagata, has almost reached Moukden, from which place it is said thousands of Chinese soldiers are retreating; and anotner, which left Hiroshima late last month with sealed orders, under command of Count Oyama, may be expected soon to effect a landing on the coast of the Province of Pe-Chi-Li in which Pekin is situated, and begin

AN ADVANCE UPON THE CAPITAL.

Both these generals have brilliant military records, and their countrymen expect great things of them. Count Oyama, who witnessed the Franco-German war, and distinguished himself at Tonquin, where he fought with the Chinese against the French, is likely soon to lead his men in the decisive battle of the war, success in which will undoubtedly be followed by the occupation of Pekin. Count Yamagata, when he reaches the sacred city of Moukden, should be easily able to establish railway communication with Count Oyama's force, for a line of railway about one hundred miles long is in operation from there to Tien-Tsin, the port of Pekin. Japan's prospects, in fact, seemed never brighter than now, and she is every day finding proof of the truth of the ancient adage, "nothing succeeds like success." But four at least of the powers in Europe are much concerned in China's fate, and there is every reason for the belief that the relic of Mongolian barbarism will be saved by their interference. The recent coincident and

RATHER ALARMING MEETING

of the British and French Cabinets were called for the purpose of discussing what Lord Rosebery was pleased to call "threatened eventualities in the East" and as a result the four powers, Great Britain, France, Russia, and Germany, are taking joint action in guarding the treaty ports and protecting the missionaries in China. Although this does not mean intervention, it is probably the first step in that direction, for there is no doubt that both England and Russia are of the opinion that "the settlement of the trouble between Japan and China shall be an international, and not merely a Japanese affair." Evidently the powers are agreed that the time for the settlement of the trouble will not have arrived until the invaders have reached Pekin, and although it is too early yet to speculate upon the nature of the demands that will be then made, it is highly probable that if England has her way China will not be divided, but will remain territorially intact as a vast buffer State between the British and Russian dominions in Asia.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people even if you are sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't over or under dress.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

Don't get in the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Don't jeer at everybody's religious belief.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentlewoman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

Chinese Man-of-War's Men's Dress

The dress of the sailors of the Chinese navy has been a matter of considerable speculation among the American readers of the Japan-China war reports. It is a curious compromise between the flowing robes of the Chinese coolies and the blue jacket and bell-bottomed trousers of the British man-o'-war's man. The blouse fits high up about the neck. The trousers are loose, and, like those of all their countrymen, hang down below their bodies at the back between the legs. The bottoms of the legs of the trousers are shoved into the legs of high, felt, thick-soled boots. Around the waist they wear a belt of turkey red or blue or black stuff, several yards in length, neatly fastened at the side by shoving the end under the fold. The color of the uniform is invariably a dark blue, the material being of thin cotton in the summer and heavier stuff in the winter, the warmth being added to by padded or cotton wool lined garments underneath, which give them a peculiarly rotund and overfed appearance. They present a picturesque appearance when they are sent running up the rigging with their baggy clothes and queus or "pig tails" curled around their heads.

THE HOME.

A Corner Bookcase.

Corners are as convenient as they are essential, and the more we can tuck away into them the better—always providing we tuck away good things in a goodly fashion. Books are surely good things, and fortunate is that home that overflows with them. But it is often a problem where to stow



them all if one is not the proud possessor of a big library. The revolving bookcases that are so roomy unfortunately demand a good deal of space for themselves, and so are unpopular in small rooms where every "foot of land" is precious. The most space economizing bookcases fit snugly into the corners, and perhaps the one in the accompanying illustration might take precedence for economy of room, as its concave lines of shelves allow the most possible room for other furniture about it. It may be made as plain or as ornate as one wishes —the one in the sketch being very simple and easy to construct. It has a shelf at the top for a lamp and pitcher, or vase of flowers. The in-curving rows of books have a very pretty effect, that does away with much of the stiffness and starchness of unbroken rows of books that are made to "toe the mark." The idea was suggested by the necessity—that mother of such a large family of inventions—of using an old-fashioned rectangular "what not" as a bookcase. It was placed "cornering," and the books arranged much like those in the illustration, with a very satisfactory result. Anybody with a talent for saws and planes can easily make a pretty and artistic home for his books.

Hints For Hanging Pictures.

There are certain rules regarding the hanging of pictures that one can safely follow. Give dark and gloomy subjects the lightest place and the light, bright ones may hang in some gloomy corner. Give the lowest position to that picture which having the most details or figures, appears to a better advantage if in a direct line of vision. Study the effect of the light upon a picture before you hang it. In the case of photographs let the frames be only light or enameled woods or gold leaf. A new fashion in the case of a very large picture is to hang it by two wires straight up from the sides of the picture, each fastened on a separate hook. The fashionable medallion picture and water colors framed in brocade have a wire drawn tightly across the back at the center which is caught on a small screw in the wall so that no wire is shown in the hanging.

Seasonable Recipes.

Baked Apple Dumplings.—Make a good biscuit dough. Peel tart apples and take out the core with an apple corer. Roll out small pieces of the dough, place an apple on each one and fill the center with sugar and nutmeg. Press the dough around each apple, put them in a bake pan, pour a little boiling water over them and bake in a moderate oven until done. Serve with sweetened cream flavored with lemon or vanilla, or with any kind of sweet sauce preferred.

Peach Dumplings.—Peel the peaches, cut in halves and take out the seeds. Prepare the dough just as you would for biscuits. Roll it out thin and cut in pieces just large enough for a peach. Place the fruit on, press the edges of the dough together around it and drop them into boiling water. Let them boil until the fruit is done, which will be in about 15 minutes. Take them up, put in a buttered pan, and brown in the oven a few minutes. For sauce, take a pint of sweet cream and whip it until light. Add one-half a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon.

Plum Pie.—Line a pie pan with rich paste. Sprinkle three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar over the bottom, and one tablespoonful of flour. Remove the stones from ripe plums, put in one pint of plums for one pie, and sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of sugar over them. Put in one tablespoonful of water, cover with the top crust and bake.

Elderberry Pie.—Allow one pint of black elderberries, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one fourth of a cupful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of flour to each pie. Bake with two crusts.

Pie Melon Pie.—Cut a pie melon in small pieces removing the seeds and thin rind. Stew until they will mash like apples. Flavor with lemon juice and nutmeg, and add sugar to taste. Bake with two crusts.

Green Tomato Pie.—Peel and slice the green tomatoes. Line the pie pan with paste and fill it with the tomatoes. Add one tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of flour, and half a cupful of sugar to each pie. Flavor with nutmeg and put small bits of butter over the top. Put on the top crust, and bake.

Sweet Potato Pie.—Boil the potatoes until tender, then peel and slice them. Line a pie pan with rich paste. Put in a layer of potatoes, sprinkle with sugar and small pieces of butter, then another layer of potatoes, with sugar, butter and a little nutmeg or cinnamon. Use two tablespoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of sugar to each pie. Pour in enough sweet milk to fill the spaces between the potatoes. Cover with paste and bake.

Squash Pie.—Peel the squash and cut it in small pieces. Cook until done, using very little water. Mash it fine and to two cupfuls of squash, add one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and ½ teaspoonful of ginger. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly, line a pan with paste and fill it. Bake until done. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add ½ cupful of sugar, spread it over the pies and leave them in the oven until the meringue is a rich brown.

Apple Fritters.—Make a batter as for pan cakes, using 3 cups of flour, 5 beaten eggs, 1 quart of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of salt, and 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the batter very hard, then add three large apples, pared and sliced, one tablespoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Select apples that are easily cooked, or if they cannot be obtained, cover with water and cook until half done, then drain off every drop of the liquor, and when cold, stir into the batter. Fry at once in large spoonfuls.

Apple Custard Pie.—To 3 cupfuls of stewed apples, add ¾ cupful of sugar, and let them stand until cold. Mix the beaten yolks of six eggs with the apples and season with nutmeg or cinnamon, stir in 1 quart of sweet milk, and lastly the beaten whites of 6 eggs. Fill your crusts and bake without cover in a moderate oven.

BRINGING GOOD NEWS.

How the News of the Victory of Waterloo Was Carried to England.

Byron, in "Childe Harold," describes the famous ball given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels the night before the battle of Waterloo. Among the guests was the Hon. Major Percy, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington. When the ball was interrupted by a summons to the battle-field, the major instantly set off without changing his coat. After the battle the duke gave him the honorary office of conveying to England the despatches containing the news of the great victory. He set off in the coat he had worn through the fight and at the ball, and carried with him three eagles or standards, captured from the French. In a journal kept by an English lady, there is a full account of how the major brought the good news from Antwerp to London.

In those days steam was not, but speedily as a sailing vessel could convey him, he was transported from Antwerp to Dover, where he landed in the afternoon. Mr. Wright, master of the Ship Hotel at Dover, instantly despatched an express to order horses at each stage to be ready for Major Percy and provided the carriage with four of his best horses.

It was found that the captured eagles could not be contained in the post-chaise, and they were placed so that their heads appeared out of the front windows. A better announcement there could not have been of the glorious news, which was received with every species of joyful, thankful welcome every where.

Major Percy drove straight to the Horse Guards. The commander-in-chief, then the Duke of York, was dining out. Major Percy proceeded to Lord Castlereagh and found that the lord and the duke were at the same dinner, given by a wealthy widow in St. James' Square.

There he went, and learning that the Prince Regent was also of the party, requested to be shown into the dining-room, which he entered with his dispatches and eagles, covered with dust and all the marks of battle.

The dessert was coming upon the table; at the same moment the Prince Regent commanded the ladies to leave the room, which they did. He extended his hand to the bearer of these glad tidings: "Welcome, Colonel Percy."

Before the despatch could be read, the new colonel was anxiously asked after many distinguished officers, and had to answer "dead" or "severely wounded" so often that the prince burst into tears.

Meantime, Colonel Percy was sinking from fatigue, and begged permission to go to his father's house in Portman Square. The throng was so great that he had difficulty in reaching it and was no sooner there than the house was surrounded by multitudes of anxious inquirers.

He had not power to say more than that the victory was complete, and the loss in killed and wounded heavy. He would answer all demands the next day and so he did.

The agony of suspense and affliction which he witnessed was intense; his own words were, he could only feel the awful price of a victory. The heartrending grief he had to inflict upon so many made his ear deaf to the sounds of joy and triumph with which London resounded.

HOW TO USE CANNED FRUIT.

Many People Are Ignorant of the Proper Precautions to be Taken.

Every now and again the report is made of alleged poisoning from partaking of canned goods. Twice within a short time reports have come from Montreal telling of poisoning from eating canned tomatoes. These reports of poisoning from canned goods are most likely to be due to the careless use of the food. A short time ago the reported poisoning of a family at Montreal from eating canned tomatoes, was traced to a brass spoon which had been left standing in the tomatoes over night. The tomatoes were eaten the first day without injury, but those who partook of the same food the following day were poisoned, thus showing that the contents of the can were wholesome when first opened. Investigation showed that a brass spoon had been left standing in the tomatoes over night, and the chemical action of the acid upon the spoon was undoubtedly the cause of the poisoning. It is surprising, after all that has been written about the use of canned goods, how many people are ignorant of the proper precautions to be taken in the use of such commodities. The public are continually being warned against allowing the contents to remain in the cans after opening, but a great many people will still use part of the contents of a can, and set the can away for future use. Canned goods should be emptied as soon as opened into a glass or porcelain vessel. Canned goods are kept fresh by being perfectly air tight. As soon as the can is opened and the contents are exposed to the air, fermentation begins, and this acts upon the tin of the cans, after which the contents are not safe for food. If the cans were emptied at once into a glass or porcelain vessel, this danger would be avoided, and much less would be heard about poisoning from canned goods. Packers should print these precautions upon every can, so that persons who use the goods would have the directions constantly before them.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Coal barges towed by steamers are about to be introduced as a novel experiment in the trade between the Humber and London.

The official speed test of the Russian torpedo boat Sestoretsk was made recently off Havre. The average speed obtained during three hours was a little more than 24 knots an hour, and during the last hour the boat travelled 25 knots. The contract called for a speed of 23 knots.

"Torpedo scissors," a new form of torpedo net cutter invented by a Danish naval officer, have proved successful, it is said, in recent tests. They are fixed to the head of the torpedo and fall apart on striking the net, cutting it so as to let the torpedo pass through and strike the ship.

Baron Albert de Rothschild has just given $250,000 to build and equip a pavilion in the Empress Elizabeth Hospital at Vienna for women suffering from cancer. The money constitutes a "Bettina" fund, called after the Baron's late wife, who died after terrible sufferings from this disease.

Auguste Comte's anniversary was recently celebrated by the London Positivists with a pilgrimage to Westminster Abbey, where they visited the graves of Isaac Newton, Handel, Cromwell, Chaucer, Spenser, and Graham, the instrument maker, who are all in Comte's calendar of worthies.

Kaiser Wilhelm's latest part is that of a minnesinger. He has written a poem in praise of the charms and accomplishments of Queen Margherita of Italy, has composed the music to it, and sent the work to the Queen. In thanking him she says the music is so beautiful that it should be published.

On account of the threatening letters received by Mme. Carnot, mother of the assassinated President of France, he commandant of the gendarmerie of Seine-et-Oise has given orders to reinforce the brigade of Fertes-Alais, which has in its territory the castle of Presles, the residence of Mme Carnot.

A diamond weighing not less than 971 carats, and said to be the largest in the world, has been found in the Jagersfontein mines, Cape Colony, by Inspector Edward Jorgansen. It was brought, well guarded, to the Cape of Good Hope and put aboard a war ship to be brought to London and deposited in the Bank of England.

Considerable comment has been made in England on the Lord Mayor of Liverpool calling on a Unitarian minister to say grace at the banquet given to the Duke and Duchess of York, when a Bishop of the Established Church was present. The Lord Mayor is a Unitarian, and claims that his own private chaplain was the person who officially should perform the ceremony.

Mlle. Duvernay, who sixty years ago was the great rival of Taglioni in the ballet, and who first introduced the "cachuca" in London, died recently in England at the age of 87. She married a rich banker named Lyne Stephens, and was probably the wealthiest woman in England. A few years ago she built a Catholic church at Cambridge which cost $700,000.

England has another little war on it, hands on the African west coast. An independent chief, called Nana, back of Benin interfered with the natives, who trade with the English in that town; he was summoned to a palaver, but instead sent a messenger, offering to pay any compensation asked, but refusing to attend in person. A war vessel was then sent against his town, which was bombarded and destroyed, but Nanas resisted the English attacking parties killing two or three officers, and some men. Additional forces have been sent to avenge this outrage, Nana's land being reported to be fertile and strategically important.

REAL ART IN BEGGING.

The Ingenious Means Employed to Interest a Victim.

The professional beggar in New York uses various devices to get a hearing, for if he can once gain the attention of his intended victim he has taken the first step toward success.

"Can you direct me to Ninetieth street and Seventh avenue?" asked a poorly dressed woman whom I met in Fourteenth street.

"You had best take the elevated road at the corner and get off at Ninety-third treet," I answered.

"How far is it?"

"About four miles," I said.

"That's a long ways to walk and I haven't a cent. Could you give me a nickle to pay my fare?"

Within three days I again met the woman at the same place, with the same story.

"Do you speak German?" asked a young man with a Teutonic countenance, in good English.

"I do not."

"I live in Hoboken. Could you lend me three cents to pay my ferriage, as I have not a cent? I will pay it to some one who is as hard up as I am."

Twice since then the same man has started the same conversation with me, but he gets no further than the first question.

A woman was standing at the corner of Twelfth street and Sixth avenue, gazing intently at the Jefferson Market tower.

"My poor old eyes are not much good," she said in soliloquy, and then, turning to me, asked: "Can you see what time it is by that clock?"

"Half-past nine."

"So late? Mister, could you give a poor woman a few cents?"

At ten o'clock she was still at her post.

"Be careful if you go in there," said a genteel appearing man, as I approached the entrance to a place of amusement.

"Why?" I asked.

"I have just come out, and find I have my pocket picked, and I have to go to Yonkers to get home. Could you lend me half a dollar? I will return it."

I watched the man until he had collected two half dollars.

"Did you drop these, sir?" asked a boy as he ran up behind me with a pair of cheap eyeglasses in his hand.

"No. They are not mine."

"I am sorry, boss, for I thought you might give me a few cents, as I have had nothing to eat to-day."

Two other men were approaching in the same manner before I had walked a block. One evening as I turned from Grand street into the Bowery a man who was approaching dropped a coin at my feet, and I had to stop to prevent a collision with him as he stooped to pick it up.

"Nearly lost my nickel," he said, "and I am trying to get another to pay for a night's lodging. Could you help a poor fellow out?"

Very likely he got his lodging.

Health Department.

Cold in the Head.

What is commonly called "a cold in the head" is the inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the cavity of the nose, and is characterized by a mucous secretion, generally of short duration, but which in certain circumstances may last indefinitely. The special cause of the latter condition is the presence of ulceration covered with a crust, the secretion of which undergoes decomposition and gives rise to the characteristic odour. The difficult point in the treatment of all cases of this sort is to free the nose completely by means of nasal irrigations of the matter covering the damaged mucous membrane, and this the patient is usually unable to do; for this reason this condition often requires treatment for months, and the patient is obliged to have recourse to the physician. But according to M. Museholdt, of Berlin, this complex treatment may be noticeably simplified by means of applications of glycerine, which on account of its hygroscopic properties of this substance, rapidly softens the crusts in the nose and renders their removal very easy. In order that the patient may be in a position to make these applications personally, M. Museholdt prescribes glycerine and nasal diluted with water until it can be used in a small spray. The sprays should be directed into each of the nasal cavities two or three times a day. A few minutes after this little operation the crusts are sufficiently softened to be easily removed by means of a nasal irrigation. Under the influence of this treatment it is claimed that all the disagreeable symptoms of the disorder improve or disappear rapidly.

For the Invalids.

Thickened milk is one of the most nourishing foods we have, and is particularly valuable as a remedy for diarrhœa and kindred diseases. Tie a bowl full of flour in a cloth and boil for several hours (immersed in water). When the cloth is removed the flour will be a hard ball. Pare off the crust and grate the flour down as you need it. As the flour is already cooked, it only needs to boil up enough to thicken the milk when wanted.

Barley water is a favorite drink with many invalids. Wash two ounces of pearl barley and put in a pint of cold water; boil about five minutes and drain the water off and pour over it two quarts of boiling water; boil away half the water and strain. Sweeten and flavor with lemon juice.

Another drink that will sustain life when nothing else can be taken is coffee, prepared as follows: Make a strong cup of coffee, put in cream and sugar (a little more sugar than for ordinary drinking) and pour over a thoroughly beaten egg, first bringing the prepared coffee to a boiling point, but it would cook the egg even poured over it.

Cream-of-rice Soup: Wash two table spoonfuls of rice, let it stand in cold water one hour, and then put in a double boiler a pint of chicken broth, half a pint of milk, a scant salt spoon of salt and the soaked rice. Cook one and one-half hours, rub through a fine sieve and replace over the fire. When it comes to the boiling point pour it on the beaten white of an egg and stir thoroughly; serve hot.

Turkish Baths.

There are three grand maxims that all who use Turkish baths should rigidly observe. First, never to return to the frigidarium until after the douche or plunge; secondly, to avoid all undue excitement, and thirdly, to retain as far as possible the horizontal position. Conversation should be sparingly indulged in at every stage of the bath, even in the final one; but it is especially to be deprecated in the hot chambers, where, if carried on at all, it should be in an undertone and quite desultorily. Physical exercise of any kind is objectionable, and no striking influence whatever should be permitted to interrupt the calm and even tenour of the bathing process.

About the Baby.

Never pat it hard. Never trot it violently, bringing the heel down with force. Never trot at all. Never make startling noises by way of amusing it. Never toss or jump it. Never swing it violently either in cradle or rocking chair. Never give it an empty feeding bottle to suck, or a rag, or any such thing. Do not unnecessarily put your finger in its mouth.

Sneezing for Hysteria.

The idea has been suggested that in certain well-known conditions of hysteria a sufficiently administered pinch of snuff might have a beneficial effect. Familiar to everyone is the perverseness with which such hysterical attacks resist ordinary remedies, and it seems not improbable that some of them might be curtailed by a period of vigorous sneezing.

Don't.

Don't economise in bath water. Don't economise sleep. Don't be stingy with fun. Laugh all you can. Laughing shakes up the system, makes the blood circulate, wakes up the lungs, starts the digestion, warms the feet, relaxes the nervous system in a word, it rests you all over.

Plot for a Novel.

In consequence of a mental malady, a Georgia lady conceived it her duty to live apart from her husband, and, in order that he might apply for a divorce, forged documents which would give him cause. The husband knowing they were not true, but thinking that to humor his wife would cure her malady, presented the papers to the legal authorities, and a divorce was granted. The ex-husband immediately began to make love to his former wife again, and proposed marriage in due form, but, although she appeared happy in his company and would walk with him to the theatre and like places, she absolutely refused his proffer of marriage, and expressed a wish that he would wed a girl whom she named. Now the man is seeking to have the decree of divorce set aside.

Emancipation's Woes.

First Clubwoman (a few years hence)—"Men are enough to drive a woman crazy."
Second Clubwoman—"Indeed, they are."
First Clubwoman—"Only think. For three nights last week I remained at the club terribly late, and yet, when I went home, I didn't once find my husband waiting at the top of the stairs to upbraid me for neglect. The heartless brute was in bed, sleeping like a top, and actually smiling in his dreams."

TOLD BY A DOCTOR.

An Experience that Set a Materialist Thinking on Spiritualism.

"It is no uncommon thing in these days in which psychical matters are exciting so much interest," says a well known physician, "to have extraordinary stories related to you about messages claiming to have come direct from spirit land. To me, a hard-headed materialist, these seemed like fairy tales, fit for the amusement of those who chose to so employ their time, but lacking any information which could be considered of the least value. I was always pleased to note that the senders of the messages invariably expressed themselves as being happy and looked upon this as some little consolation for those who believed in it. As for myself, I was content with troubles which the cares of this earthly life imposed upon me and was not willing to take any responsibility for those who had gone before. But I had something happen to me not long ago which, if it did not banish the doubts from my mind certainly did make me do a great deal of thinking.

"I was attending professionally a daughter of a well-known Spiritualist in a certain city. The case was a serious one, and I watched it closely. One morning when I entered the sick room I saw immediately that a change had taken place for the worse. The fever had increased and grave symptoms had developed. I thought it my duty to inform the mother of the serious turn, so I called her aside. 'I am sorry,' said I to her, 'that your daughter has not gained as I thought she would. I find this morning her case most serious; in fact, madam'—I felt at liberty to proceed, seeing she did not take it hard—'I am fearful of her recovery.'

"This did not seem to affect the woman in the least. She went about the room with a pleasant smile, tidying up things. Thinking she had not heard me, I again said: 'Madam, I said your daughter cannot live.' At this she turned to me and smilingly said: 'I heard you, but I know better. She will live.' 'But, madam,' I persisted, 'you are saying a great deal more than I as a physician can. I don't think she will survive the day.' She turned to me and said, with a little laugh: 'Now, Doctor, you physicians surely cannot pretend to know all things.' Her indifference at such a serious question aggravated me, so saying I would call again in the evening, at the same time again telling her that I expected she would be dying by that time, I left. Well, I called again that evening.

"I found my patient sitting up in bed the fever having entirely left her, and her condition was such that I was dumfounded. I had nothing to say, for there was nothing that could be said, so I only prescribed again and was about to go when the lady asked me if I would not like to join a small circle that was holding a seance in the parlor. I laughingly said: 'None of that for me, thank you. I don't believe in it, and so don't care to see anything of it,' and about my hat and started for the door. She persisted, however, naming over some prominent people who were in the circle, so I at last concluded to go. I had hardly sat down before the medium announced in writing a certain name, which I at once recognized as a patient of mine who had died a year before. I never pretended to know the name, but it came persistently, until finally the medium announced it was for the doctor. I controlled my expression so that I would give no clue that I knew the man, when I was dumfounded by having a slip of paper handed me in the handwriting of my former friend and patient, which read: "I am very sorry, Doctor. I did not take your advice the last time I saw you. Don't let others follow this miserable, unhappy wretch." I pretended not to understand, but the name I was now chilled to the marrow. The man whose name was signed to the message was a patient and dear friend who was so misguided as to doubt the existence of God. He had a lingering illness, and then I saw this was going to be fatal, I besecched him to consider his condition as he approached the awful valley. I told him he could not live more than a week, and tried to induce him to make his peace with his Maker. He resolutely refused to argue the question until one day, when I saw the end fast approaching, I tried with all my power to make him see the error of his way. I remember he raised himself upon his elbow, and, pointing his shrivelled finger at me, he said in tones provoked by anger:

"'Doctor, it's no use of your talking. As I have lived so will I die,' and as he sank back on his pillow I gave up all hope. I left him to attend another serious case, and was detained longer than I expected, but when I returned to my office I found a note asking me to come to the house immediately. I hurried, but when I arrived he was dead. I don't know what he wanted to say to me, but here, in a strange company, came a message to me—a horrible message, full of regret and repentance—about a subject which I am certain no person but my friend and myself knew about, as I never mentioned it to anyone. Whether it was really what it purported to be or not was immaterial, for there was the message, and I was not deceived in what I read. The incident had a depressing effect upon me, for it was so unlike the usual messages from the other world. Here was one who was not happy, and whose very being seemed to be consumed in regret. To this day I cannot throw off the peculiar influence which this alleged message from the other world threw about me. But suffice it to say that was the last spiritualistic seance I ever attended."

Chance for Law-makers.

First Citizen—"It is not enough that bicycles carry bells: the law should enforce a regular system of signals that all can understand."

Second Citizen—"What would you suggest?"

First Citizen—"Well, I don't know exactly, but it might be something like this: One ring—stand still'—Two rings—'Dodge to the right'—Three rings—'Dive to the left'—Four rings—'Jump straight up and I'll run under you': Five rings—'Turn a back handspring and land behind me, and so on. You see, us folks who walk are always glad to be accommodating, but the trouble is to find out what the fellow behind wants us to do."

Keeping Him Alive.

Miss Richgirl—"Really, pa, it is cruel to ask George to wait until spring. He says if our marriage is postponed he'll die."

Old Gentleman—"Oh, well, I'll lend him enough to pay his board."

PATHOS AND HUMOR

Mingle in the Scenes Witnessed in the City Police Court.

Many are the sights and scenes that follow close upon each other day after day, in that great dragnet of a city's crime, the Police Court, says the Montreal Star. Through it passes day by day, the stream of the dark side of life. Before its judgment-seat are brought the hardened criminal, the trembling beginner in the path of the transgressor, the old and the young, the rich and the poor. All the serious cases of the city must come before it and strange the fascination it seems to have to some. One young foreigner was recently acquitted on what was but a technicality. There was no doubt of his guilt, but certain proof could not be brought, and he went free. But the place see ned to have cast a spell over him, and morning after morning he would be seen about the place, peeking and peering, anxious to watch those in the misfortune that he had so luckily escaped. Often, too, was noticed among the crowd of sightseers, a sharp, dogged, clean cut face that cried aloud, a knowledge, intimate and personal with the great penitentiary. Watchful of every proceeding, the man became a constant visitor, drawn to the spot with the irresistible longing to watch the trouble of those who were then beginning the same judicial experience that had ended so disastrously for himself and the gloomy pall of which still casts a shadow over him. Of the cases, by far the great majority are between the ages of 18 and 30. Boyish offenders are very numerous and men over 40 are the exception. Here and there an old man will fall and but recently a grey-haired man of 73 was brought before the bar. Some of the cases and the scenes contain within themselves the spice of humor but in by far the greater number the pathetic and the serious mingle. The cases of young boys are particularly trying to those who have not become accustomed to the court's pathetic sights, by days and days of constant attendance. The terror of the young scamps, the tearful pleadings of the mother, the set and glassy face of the father, the sawdust and miserable appearance of the boyish friends who have come to be with

THEIR CHUM IN TROUBLE,

all make a scene that tell too well the anguish in the hearts of those upon whom shame and misfortune has been brought by the tearful rogue now up for the first time. Seldom it is that women come to the Court save that they have some intimate connection with a case then to appear. Not so with the men. Month in and month out, the same faces crowd the halls and block the doorways, peeking and peering with the morbid curiosity to whose palate the sight of somebody in misfortune is a rare spice. Many a loafer along the wharves finds in the scenes of the Police Court the variety and pleasures of his dreary life and haunts to a great end of the Court House with a persistence worthy of a better cause. The actions of the accused differ and vary always. Some wear an air of bravado, some are silent, some are crushed and overcome, some trust themselves to excuses which only a fertile mind and a great superabundance of necessity could ever produce. They are even wrought than that of a mill hand who rolled a wheelbarrow full of sawdust out of the dumping-ground, and then, as it was a hot day, turned the barrow upside down and crawled underneath. The foreman missed and tacked him and discovered him cuddled up in his cool retreat. He would know what the man meant by being there. The man in question calmly replied that he had crawled in there to clean out the inside of the barrow. The most common excuse in case of theft is that the man did not mean to steal anything—it was done by the way of a joke. Like many practical jokes, the biter often gets bitten. The Police Court is but a small stage on which the human puppets, playing now the parts of light and heavy villain, dangle and kick a while and then pass on. Within its portals the tragedies of life are ever laid open, and it bears ever constant allusion to that great saying, true of old and truthful yet: "The way of the transgressor is hard.

Paper From Sunflowers.

It is possible to make paper out of nearly anything, and the latest material suggested is the stalk of the sunflower, says the Manchester Courier. Some few weeks ago the experiment was tried at a factory in the Thames valley, first with hammer and an anvil, and afterwards with regular paper making machinery. In the latter instance some 500 pounds of pulp were tested, and they produced about 320 pounds of paper. The substance, however, was of a coarse texture, and far better suited for wrapping up parcels than for taking printers' ink. In fact, the conclusion was that sunflower stalks are too short in fibre to make a good paper without the addition of some foreign material like rags. What is more, the ingredient would have to be nearly fifty per cent. of the whole pulp. Accordingly, sunflower paper hardly seems practicable, unless, indeed, its title gave it a fancy value to the survivors of the aesthetic school. Unfortunately, they have become so reduced that the market would be extremely limited.

School Discipline.

Now that the school term is well on it may not be inopportune to say that discipline, as understood, is not the whole thing in the management of the pupils. Truthfulness and honor, obedience and self control, industry and good temper are as necessary to a well ordered, happy and successful school as they are in any domestic or social circle. The opportunites for fostering them are continually arising and their intrinsic value is easily illustrated. Not the science of morality, but the art and practice of it, may fairly claim the careful attention of every conscientious teacher. Nothing that is said against the introduction of new branches of study can apply to these suggestions. They are not extras to be crowded in where already the time is too fully occupied. They are essential elements which enter into every branch that is taken up to give it vitality and power. Education without them must be a frame without life and the teacher a workman without tools. They are essentially the spirit level and plumb line of all moral training.

Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis offered, shall never find it more.—Shakespeare.

WAGES IN EUROPE.

How Labor is Paid in the Old World—Higher in London Than on the Continent.

A traveller returned recently from a tour of Europe, gives some statistics which he gathered regarding wages in various European places. These statistics, were collected, in nearly every instance directly from the wage earners themselves, and the work was done merely to gratify a business man's curiosity.

In Constantinople the wages were as follows

Policemen	40 cents a day
Cabmen	25 per cent. of earnings
Street cleaners	25 cents a day
Carpenters	75 cents a day
Masons	75 cents a day
Farm laborers in provinces	40 cents a day
Street car drivers	40 cents a day
Street car conductors	75 cents a day
Porters for carrying freight	40 cents a day
Shoemakers	75 cents a day

In Algiers the wages were somewhat higher:

Policemen	$12 a month
Street car drivers	60 cents a day
Conductors	80 cents a day
Street cleaners	60 cents a day
Carpenters	$1 to $1.25 a day
Masons	$1 to $1.40 a day
Cabmen	$1 a day

The wages paid in Florence, Italy, are:

Policemen	$12 a month
Street cleaners	35c a day and one loaf of bread
Carpenters	75 cents to $1.25 per day
Masons	75 cents to $1.25 per day
Farm laborers in provinces	40 cents per day
Street car drivers	50 cents per day
Street car conductors	75 cents per day
Shoemakers	75 cents per day

In Naples the wages average somewhat less than they do in Florence:

Masons	50 cents per day
Carpenters	70 cents per day
Farm laborers in provinces	40 cents per day
Street laborers	40 cents per day
Private coachmen	$8.50 a month and board
Street car drivers	50 cents a day
Street car conductors	50 cents a day
Hotel waiters	$8.50 a month and board

In Athens the wages paid are as follows:

Policemen	$9.00 a month
Cabmen	$12 a month
Carpenters	60 cents a day
Masons	60 cents a day
Street car drivers	50 cents a day
Street car conductors	50 cents a day
Street cleaners	25 cents a day

In London the wages are higher than in continental cities, but are still less than are paid in this country:

Carpenters	20 cents an hour—8 hours a day
Masons	20 cents an hour—8 hours a day
Farm laborers in provinces	$2.50 a week
Policemen	$5 a month
Footmen	$300 a year and board
Omnibus drivers	$1.50 a day—12 hours
Female clerks	$2.50 per week and dinner
Male clerks	$3.50 per week and dinner

The Storming of Quebec.

Bill Nye gives the following droll account of the storming of Quebec:

In 1759 General Wolfe anchored off Quebec with his fleet, and sent a boy up town to ask if there were any letters for him at the Post Office, also asking at what time it would be convenient to evacuate the place. The reply came back from General Montcalm, an able French General, that there was no mail for the General, but if Wolfe was dissatisfied with the report he might run up personally and look over the We.

Wolfe did so, taking his troops up by an unknown cow-path on the off-side of the town during the night, and at daylight stood in battle-array on the Plains of Abraham. An attack was made by Montcalm as soon as he got over his wonder and surprise. At the third fire Wolfe was fatally wounded, and as he was carried back to the rear he heard some one ex claim:—

"They run. They run."

"Who run?" inquired Wolfe.

"The French. The French," came the reply.

"Now God be praised," said Wolfe. "I die happy."

Montcalm had a similar experience. He was fatally wounded. "They run. They run," he heard some one say.

"Who run?" exclaimed Montcalm, wetting his lips with a lemonade glass of cognac.

"We do," replied the man.

"Then so much the better," said Montcalm, as his eye lighted up, "for I shall not live to see Quebec surrendered."

This shows what can be done without a rehearsal; also how the historian has to control himself to avoid lying.

The death of these two brave men is a beautiful and dramatic incident in the history of our country, and should be remembered by every schoolboy, because neither lived to write articles criticising the other.

A Royal Joke.

A good-natured joke perpetrated by the Emperor is related from Kiel. As the Emperor William was stepping on board his yacht the other day he was met by a sailor named Joerg, who had in his hand a mug of beer, which he was carrying into the officers' cabin. The Emperor was very much amused at the discomfiture of the poor fellow, who did not know at first what to do, and who finally saluted the Emperor, holding the beer mug convulsively against the seam of his breeches. The Emperor stepped up to the sailor and addressed him most amiably. "See Joerg, you have done that very stupidly. I will show you how one should behave in such a situation. Go up and imagine that you are the Emperor, and I shall be the sailor Joerg. The poor fellow did not dare remonstrate; he had to come on board by the imperial gangway, and the Emperor William met him below in his new role of a sailor with a beer mug. When he saw Joerg, the Emperor affected some embarrassment, but he then set the glass to his lips, emptied it completely, put it down on the ship's ledge, and then made his salute. "Do you see, Joerg? That is the way it must be done. Now, remember; and now go below and tell them to give you another glass of beer, and one for you, too. If they question you, just tell them that I said so, and that they should not be angry, for the beer was beautifully fresh and tasted very good."

Earning It.

There was no one at the table save the landlady and Mr. Skaggs, and Mr. S. was doing his level best trying to cut the piece of steak on his plate.

"Mr. Skaggs," said the lady firmly, "When are you ever going to pay your board bill?"

"Ma'am?" responded Mr. Skaggs in a tone of surprise.

"When are you going to pay your board bill?"

"I didn't know I had to," he said as he looked reproachfully at the steak. "I thought I was working it out," and once more he resumed his labors.

FALL FUN.

She—"It takes two to make a bargain, you know." He—"Yes; but only one gets it."

Blackston—"I don't see why you wear your hair so short." Graymare—"No—you don't know my wife."

Inquirer—"Does a fish diet strengthen the brain?" "Perhaps not; but going fishing seems to invigorate the imagination."

Lord Duffer—"You're a girl after my heart," Miss Price—"And you're a man after my money." (Engagement not announced.)

Figg—"Did I understand you to say that Impecune was meeting his bills nowadays?" Fogg—"Yep; on every corner."

Little Miss Mugg—"Dr. De Fashion is often at our house, but I never see him at yours." Little Miss Freckles—"We don't owe him anything."

Pastor—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Even animals know when to stop drinking." Toper—So do I when I drink what they do."

When a retired railroad magnate started in the gents' furnishing goods business it seemed second nature to him to announce a great run on ties.

"Whither, dear friend?" "To Africa." "Are you crazy? One hundred and thirty degrees in the shade!" "But I need not go in the shade."

Oh, nature's getting giddy now,
As sure as you are born;
With rounge upon the autumu leaves
And tassels on the corn.

"Hullo!" said the chestnut to the robin, "What are you?" "I'm a little bird," said the robin. "What are you?" "I'm a little burred, too," said the chestnut.

Figg—"What a peculiar man Dunder is. He has a sovereign contempt for anybody who does not possess much as he does." Fogg—"I should think he would."

"My task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men." "Ah!" replied the maiden, with a soulful longing, "save a good one for me, won't you?"

"I tell you," said Mabel's father, "Charlep Slogo has a level head." "Very likely," replied mabel, sweetly. "Probably that's what makes his conversation so flat."

Author—"Why do you persist in abusing my book? I have been told by many people that it is an exceedingly rare work." Critic—"Exactly. So rare that it needed roasting."

An Irishman asked a Scotchman one day why a railroad engine was always called "she," Sandy replied: "Perhaps it's on account of the horrible noise it makes when it tries to whistle."

So you let the prisoner off on his word for a couple of days, did you?" asked the captain. "I did answered the lieutenant. "And do you think he will come back on it or go back on it?"

Just make your best endeavor—
Have faith instead of doupt;
If times were good forever,
What could you growl about?

Cora—"Miss Newrich has a new maid that is a great deal better than her old one." "Did she tell you?" "No, but the last note had from her was spelled, every word of it, correctly."

Collector—"I'm tired bringing you this bill. The last time I got wet and caught the rheumatism." Editor—"What a coincidence! Just taken the agency for Jones Liniment. Sure cure! Let me sell you a bottle."

Figg—"What would be your opinion of a man who borrowed a V. of you one day and cut you dead next time he met you?" Fogg—"It would not be necessary to give an opinion when he had settled the matter thus conclusively."

"What's the judge going to do now?" asked the green juror, in a whisper. "He's going to charge the jury," said the foreman. "Charge the jury? Charge us? What for? We don't have to pap nothin' for the privilege of sittin' on jury, do we?"

Bartender—"I wouldn't drink any more if I were you, Mr. Jagway. You've had too much already. You see two of me, don't you?" Mr. Jagway—"Not by th-thunder-in' shight! I shee 'xackly one of you, shir. You're jesh half a man."

ENCOURAGING FACTS.

The English Prisons Are Declining as the Number of School Children Increase.

"Full schools mean empty prisons" is the motto of the writer of an article in the current number of the Schoolmaster, and it must be confessed, says the London News, that the array of facts and figures with which he furnishes his readers yields abundant support to this eminently encouraging doctrine. Far and wide we can see, nay, cannot if we would help seeing, that our prisons are, to a considerable extent, disappearing, their sites being for the most part taken for the erection of model lodging houses for the poorer classes. "The gaols have failed," as some one has tersely put it "for want of adequate support from the criminal classes," and it is significant that they began to be in a bad way when the School Board Act came into active operation, and have gone on declining step by step as the number of children on the roll of the primary schools has increased. In 1870, with a population under 23,000,000, we had in England and Wales 12,000 primary schools. Then the number of prisons reached 113. In 1890 the population had increased to nearly 26,000,000, and the primary schools to 29,000, while the number of prisons had fallen to less than 60. Roughly speaking, while the number of children in the primary schools had increased in the period referred to about three-fold the number of thieves or suspected persons on the roll of the police records had diminished by nearly one-third, and this in the face of a large increase in the population. Well may the writer ask, who in 1870 would not have looked on the man as a dreamer who had ventured to predict that in the short space of a quarter of a century, within a radius of little more than a mile from Westminster palace, gaols would be transformed into play places for the worker's children; into art palaces for the improvement of the worker's leisure; or into schools for the worker's little ones?

Outing Dangerous.

Mrs. Baxter (on an outing)—"Oh, Isaac! Isaac! Come qwick! Leetie Yacob has follen into der rifer."

Mr. Baxter—"Oh, mien goodness chracious! Mit dot tre toller suit on!"

For The Young.

An Exemplary Romance.

Industry is a qualification necessary in all young men if they expect to make a success in life. Integrity is another essential and the choice of a wife is also important. The first two seem to be innate, and the third is apt to be passed over more carelessly, being in most cases "love at first sight," and love is sometimes said to be blind.

James Arnold was an orphan and left to struggle through the world alone. For several years he worked by the month for a merchant of the town, leaving all he could of his small wages to the end of the year, when he would settle up and take a note for the balance his due, bearing interest.

At length the thought struck him that he would go into business on his own account. Previous to this the merchant had supplied himself with flour from a mill some twenty miles away, sending a team for a supply as required. Jim disclosed his plan to his employer, which was as follows:

He proposed to purchase a team and make regular trips to the mill and supply all the dealers on his line of travel.

"The idea is a capital one," said the merchant, "and all I can do to assist you will cheerfully be done."

He had saved money enough to purchase the team and enough left to purchase a load or two of flour. He carried his plan into effect and with zeal and industry kept the wheels rolling and promptly furnished the dealers with their supplies and retailed what he could to the people along the road.

One day he put on an old vest he had not worn for many months, and in the pocket found a ten-dollar bill. He could not explain how it came there, but was sure it did not belong to him. He reported his find to his former employer and asked him to take it, as it evidently belonged to him. The merchant, while not doubting that it was his money, refused to take it, and told him to keep it for his honesty.

After a year or two he was able to purchase a house and lot, with a barn well suited to his needs.

Then came the thought that as he had the cage he must get a bird. Several girls along his route looked on Jim as quite a "catch," and put their best foot forward to get him. One girl, whenever he passed her house, was always industriously running the wheel, spinning flax. He often made short stops to have a chat and let his horses rest. One day he thought he discovered that the flax on the distaff was the same each time he called. To make sure, he quietly put his knife in the flax and awaited the result. Next time he called he found the wheel on the buzz and the knife still there. This settled her case.

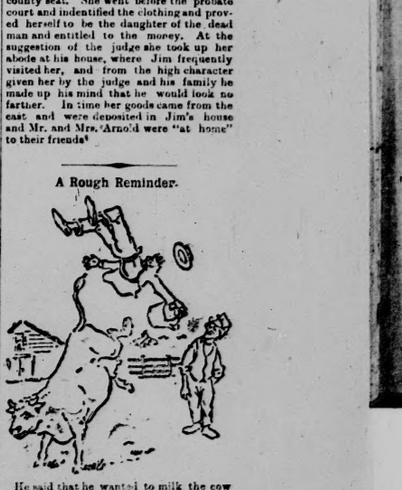
Another girl appeared all right but he feared she lacked in neatness. To test on that point, he told her he wanted the scrapings of her bread-bowl and molding-board to give his horse. She had a "scrape" and the result was plenty for the horse and plenty for Jim, and "her cake was dough."

A third girl was profuse in her smiles and gentle in her manners, so much so that Jim feared she was a coquette and would lead him on until the proper time and then give him the jilt. While riding along and pondering on the situation, he overtook a young lady, barefooted with her shoes in one hand and a bundle in the other, and seemingly quite weary. Jim invited her to a seat in his wagon, which was thankfully accepted. She told him her situation and how she came to be traveling on foot and alone. She said she had left her last left his home in the east some weeks before, with money, intending to purchase a home in that region, and his prolonged absence led her to fear that he had been murdered and robbed, and she had started out hoping to find some trace of him.

Jim got a description of the man and his belongings, and satisfied himself that he could unravel the mystery. He told her that a few weeks before, a tree had fallen across the road and while trying to find a way to get his team past he had discovered the dead body of a man who had evidently been killed by the falling tree. He had secured help and removed the remains to the county seat where an inquest was held, and eight hundred dollars in money was found sewed up in his clothing.

The almost distracted girl continue I the journey with Jim till they reached the county seat. She went before the probate court and indentified the clothing and proved herself to be the daughter of the dead man and entitled to the money. At the suggestion of the judge she took up her abode at his house, where Jim frequently visited her, and from the high character given her by the judge and his family he made up his mind that he would look no farther. In time her goods came from the east and were deposited in Jim's house and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were "at home" to their friends.

A Rough Reminder.



He said that he wanted to milk the cow once, just to remind him of the time when he was a boy on the farm.

Going to Economize.

Wife—"This house isn't a bit too big. Those two extra rooms can be used as store rooms."

Husband—"Huh! What will you store in 'em?"

"You said I must be very economical, didn't you?"

"Of course."

"Well, I'll soon get them filled with things I buy at bargain sales and can't use."

Watch for our

X'MAS

Announcement

NEXT WEEK.

W. W. Bole.

P. S.—X'mas Cards for the Old Country should be sent the coming week.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1894.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Note Mr. Munns' advt. of 'Xmas goods.

Mr. Alex. Ball visited Regina on Friday last.

The Queen of England is reported to be in poor health.

Royal Templars' concert and theatrical presentation on the 18th.

Mr. A. Hitchcock returned on Monday from a short visit at Calgary.

Mr. Geo. Howson, of the Windsor, Regina, was a visitor here on Wednesday.

J. F. Lindsay, general agent of the Massey-Harris Company, came up from Regina on Wednesday.

The skating rink is a favorite rendezvous, and the young people generally are taking lots of evening exercise.

A number of people from Moose Jaw visited Regina this week to see Katie Putnam, whose company played there four nights.

W. F. Orr has been elected Mayor of Calgary for 1895 by acclamation. There are 17 nominees for councillors and 7 for school trustees.

Mr. Wm. Smith, C.P.R. section foreman at Yellowgrass, left on Tuesday night for Winnipeg to spend a holiday. He expects to return to duty early in March.

Mrs. W. J. Bradshaw returned to Clearview ranche, Parkbeg, on Wednesday after spending a week in town visiting friends. She enjoys life on the ranche immensely.

The first regular dance of the Moose Jaw Quadrille Club will be given at Russell Hall this (Friday) evening. A lengthy list of invitations has been issued. An evening of lively enjoyment is anticipated.

Now is the time for the Winnipeg Tribune to remark that President Cleveland's message to Congress is even longer than Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh's well advertised speech of last August to the Legislative Assembly.

A new wrinkle attached to invitation cards is a printed blank for the reply of acceptance, reading, "To the Secretary, etc., I will attend the Thanksgiving Ball given by the Uniform Rank, K. of P., at Hotel Dacotah, Nov. 29 1894. Reserve ——plates. (Blank for signature.)

A new exchange lies on the editor's table this week—"Progress," published under the auspices of the Regina Industrial School. It is replete with school and general news. "Progress" will be issued semi monthly. Annual subscription price 25 cents.

The demise of Viscount Monck, at the age of 75, is announced, curiously enough, just at the moment when the publication of Mr. Joseph Pope's Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald revives interest in and throws fresh light upon the first Governor-General of federated Canada.

Mr C. A. W. Stunt received intelligence by wire on Monday of the death at Prince Albert of Wesley McConnell, late of Moose Jaw. Deceased served for several months as town inspector here; he was a young man of steady habits, and was generally respected. His parents reside in Ontario.

Senator Perley and W. W. Macdonald M.P., will address a Moosomin audience to-morrow—at least they hope to do so. Their date was first set about ten days ago, but the audience failed to be on hand, presumably through lack of advertisement. The Senator is rapidly recovering from the effects of the first accident on the Wolseley and Fort Qu'Appelle railway.

Const. Sinclair, of Macleod, won the gold medal offered for competition in the N.W.M.P., with a score of 308. The shooting took place at Regina on Nov. 22nd.

Ex Sergt. Bidwell, N.W.M.P., stopped over here a day this week with Mr. J. A. Blake. Mr. Bidwell has just completed a trip around the world, and is now en route to England.

Bubbly jock, roastit, will be served at the Presbyterian ladies' dinner next Wednesday. Without official information, it is surmised that Mr. Hugh Ferguson will carve the haggis.

Mr. W. Holden, of Regina, representative of the Singer Co., came in from the south on Wednesday, and was accompanied by his sister, Miss Lillian Holden, of Boissevain, Man., who will visit in Regina.

Mr. Chas. L. Ross will present a series of stereopticon views—"Life of Christ, from manger to throne"—at the town hall on Tuesday evening next. Proceeds of the entertainment will be donated to the Salvation Army.

Wm. Ogilvie, D.L.S., passed through this week, going to the far north. His mission is to survey a road into the Yukon country. The Government purposes sending a force of about fifty mounted police into that country next season.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church are making elaborate arrangements for their annual dinner to be given at the town hall on Wednesday next, 12th inst. Scottish dishes will predominate. See large posters for details.

The amusement season is opening briskly. Theatrical, dinner, dance and concert announcements are fairly tumbling over each other. Amid the rush, don't forget the Literary Society which meets next Wednesday evening at Russell hall.

To-morrow, Dec. 8th, closes the Salvation Army's week of Self-Denial. The Moose Jaw contingent of this blessed organization is now in a more flourishing condition than for many months. In the parade last Sunday afternoon there were fifteen soldiers.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, passed through on Tuesday bound for Vancouver. He was accompanied from Ottawa to Winnipeg by Hon. Clarke Wallace and Mr. J. F. Wood. Comptrollers of Customs and Inland Revenue respectively, who are now holding meetings at Manitoba points.

The fire brigade turned out for practice on Tuesday night. It is reassuring to know that although outside practices are infrequent, the members hold regular meetings in the fire hall and thus are familiarized with the appurtenances and fire-extinguishing appliances. Chief Mellhuish is the right man in the right place.

Under the auspices and for the benefit of Mr. Alex. Ball, a concert and dramatic entertainment will be given on Thursday next at the town hall, when a screaming farce, "Wanted, a Young Lady," will be presented. Mrs Jefferd, Mr. Johnston and Mr. Ball will impersonate the characters. After the performance, a dance will be held.

The Standard catches up THE TIMES on a mechanical error which made the new House of Assembly contain a "typographical" instead of a "topographical" surveyor. It would seem that the types were prophetic, as Mr. Magrath, the member referred to, has since been prospecting among printing plants, and may now be truthfully described as a typographical surveyor.

Sam Wilson, the tramp journalist, accompanied by his body guard, Mr. Yorke, landed here on Friday evening last. Asst. Supt. Milestone was, unfortunately, out of town, and was consequently deprived of the enjoyment of two days' intercourse with these erudite pedestrians. However, Mr. Jno. Franks, of the superintendent's office, profited by what Mr. Milestone missed, and the superintendent's message "to spare no expense in their entertainment" was followed to the letter. Mr. Wilson took "running orders" on Sunday morning, being limited to five miles an hour, cautioned to keep a sharp look out for foot-pads, and instructed to "take water" at every station. For further information concerning these knights of the tie-pass apply to Despatcher "Jack" Rutherford.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Low Prices
FOR
Cash Only.

READY-MADE CLOTHING AT COST.

Car Load Oats, Bran,
Souris Flour,
Shorts, Chopped Feed,
Wheat.

R. BOGUE.

Harry O'Connor spent Friday last in town.

J. W. Dunsheath, Keewatin, was here on Sunday.

Mr. A. Houston, of Gull Lake, was in town on Monday.

The Moose Jaw Gun Club are having a live pigeon shoot to-day.

Dr. Duncan bade farewell to Moose Jaw on Wednesday. He will locate in Chicago.

C. A. Scott and W. C. Lawrence, Vancouver, registered at the dining hall on Tuesday.

There are indications that business is reviving. Nine commercial travellers registered at the dining hall on Wednesday.

J. J. Young went through yesterday morning from Moosomin to Calgary and the Calgary Daily Herald will very shortly appear.

During Advent there will be special services in St. John the Baptist's church, Moose Jaw, on Friday evenings viz., Dec. 7, 14 and 21, at 7:30, with addresses on the subject of the Lord's coming.

The Moose Jaw office of Superintendent of Bridge Building Dept. of the C. P. R., has been abolished. Mr. Henslewood who has long filled the post, left last night for Orangeville, Ont. Mr. Field, assistant, went to Winnipeg.

A farewell social was tendered on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mayor Gass to Mr. and Mrs. Henslewood. It is with sincere regret the departure of this worthy family is viewed. Mr. Henslewood is a man of sterling character and was a good citizen.

Calgary Tribune: A pleasant little party gathered at Mr. R. L. Alexander's the other evening to commemorate the celebration of the twenty fifth anniversary of their wedding. The family circle was complete and with the company of a few friends to dinner, the happy event was the occasion of a delightful time.

Macleod's town council is thus sized up by the local newspaper:—"We put "it in the mildest possible form, that "for weakness, want of backbone and "dignity, business bungling and general "incapacity, the council of 1894 has "left a record which we hope no "future one will ever attempt the im- "possible task of breaking." To try to improve upon this sweeping condemnation would be to attempt to paint the lily, to gild refined gold.

C. P. R. Employees' Library Association.

The annual meeting of this Association was held on Wednesday evening for election of officers. The following were chosen for the ensuing year:—Hon. Pres., Thos. Tait, Asst. Gen. Mgr. C.P.R., of Montreal; Pres., Wm. Whyte, Gen. Supt., Winnipeg; 1st Vice Pres., W. Cross, Master Mechanic, Winnipeg; 2nd Vice Pres., C. W. Milestone, Asst. Supt., Moose Jaw; Sec.-Treas., W. W. Neeland; Managing Committee, J. Rollo, J. Rutherford, J. Franks, Wm. Hannah, R. H. Lowe, S. J. McDiarmid, W. W. Neeland; Auditors, J. Franks and J. Rutherford.

The annual report showed the net assets to be $628.00. The employees had consumed 607 tons of coal during the current year. The excursion and picnic held in September netted the Association upwards of $250 00.

Consequent upon the burning of the library rooms last August, the Association has since been without a home. It was decided to at once secure quarters within the town to serve as reading rooms, where the newspapers and magazines may be kept. These rooms will be retained until next spring when it is the intention to either erect or make arrangements for the lease of a building for a permanent home for the Association, when the purchase of books to form the nucleus of a new library will be considered.

St. Andrew's Banquet, 1894, at Regina.

I was sitting in my study looking over a volume of "American Oratory," and selecting such passages as I thought would be of service in making campaign speeches in the coming Dominion election, when one of the most prominent Scotchmen of the town called to tell me that I had been one of the men selected to speak on St. Andrew's night, at a banquet which was to be held in honor of Scotland's tutelar saint. At first I thought I would decline, but on second thought I decided to accept the invitation, or I might lose the nomination for the Dominion House, the goal towards which I am shaping my course.

After he left I at once began to study up everything relating to the literature of Scotland, and post myself about the good deeds of St. Andrew. The night before the banquet I went all through my speech, and my wife said it was the best thing she ever heard in Regina, and I think it was myself. I borrowed a dress suit from a friend who was not going, and as it was a little on the large side it left room for haggis and other combustibles. I arranged to have my speech near the last, and took my private secretary along, so that everything could be taken down in order, and I could keep myself in form for the speaking. Of course I will not attempt to give a complete report of all that was said and done, for it would take several editions of THE TIMES to do this, but I will just give a summary of everything, reserving room to give my own speech in full.

It was announced that as St. Andrew was always a consistent temperance man, and very few Scotchmen cared to take anything stronger than cold water, the toasts were to be drank with water brought from the coldest well in town, which had been left open for that purpose.

Rev. Father Sinnet's speech was full of humor and information. He gave the tradition of the burial of the body of St. Andrew, and it was a surprise to me as well as to most of those present to know that the body of the dear old saint had been scattered so widely. We had thought before that the body was buried intact, so to speak, instead of being so widely separated. He might almost as well have been strewn over the country by a modern cyclone.

When Mr. Brown responded to the toast of "The Legislative Assembly," after convulsing those present with laughter at his brilliant shafts of wit and humour, he approached the harrowed subject of St. Andrew's burial places with the seriousness befitting the matter. He said: Ladies and gentlemen, it pains me to know that a saint who has done so much for Scotland is, even now, scattered about in various places. I am surprised that Scotland has so long neglected this important business. I assure you that I shall do all in my power to have the sacred remains of St. Andrew gathered together and buried in one spot. I will, at the coming session of the Assembly, introduce the matter to the notice of my colleagues, and we will have a delegate sent to the Continent of Europe to gather the fragments together. The person empowered to attend to this business can also act as Immigration Agent, and the scheme will be one that must be entertained by the Assembly. (Cheers.)

Mr. Mowat, in responding to the Assembly toast, said that his brother M. L. A. would find matters nearer home of paramount importance. He felt confident that the North-West Assembly would not sanction any such Quixotic scheme. (Cheers and hisses.) The gentleman eloquently defended his position and said "Ladies and gentlemen, there are gophers still unkilled, and there are testwells to be sunk, roads to be graded, necessitating much laborious, careful consideration. As long as there is one gopher left to prey upon the farming interests, one road ungraded, one well required, I for one will not encourage with my voice or vote, sending a delegate to Scotland on the mission proposed by my worthy colleague." As this matter had been left so many years unattended to, he thought a few additional years would make no difference with St. Andrew. He would suggest that the matter be left for ten years longer, and by that time legislation nearer home would have been pushed, and he thought it would be more in order to attend to what Scotland had neglected.

Mr. Brown rejoined that "he would leave the gopher business to Mr. Mowat and would himself carry out the project which he had suggested. He would promise the St. Andrew's Society that at their next meeting they could contemplate, mentally, the reunited pieces of the body of their Patron Saint." (Cheers.) "It was the saddest thing he ever knew about any celebrated saint, and he would not rest until justice was done in the burial." (Weeping by all present.)

Rev. Mr. Carmichael said it seemed to him that there was too much attention paid to what is after all a matter of little importance. We had the history of the life of St. Andrew and it was one of holiness and devotion. It was not important where his body was laid or in what state it was buried.

By this time the copious draughts of cold water had fired the brain of an Irish gentleman present, and he said as a matter of courtesy he thought some reference should be made to St. Patrick. He was as good as any Saint that ever lived.

This was my opportunity to throw oil on the troubled waters. I said it did not detract from the greatness of our own Saint to say that St. Patrick left the world far too soon. Had he lived a hundred years longer Ireland would have had Home Rule long ago, and he would have banished snakes, not only from Irish soil, but Irish whiskey.

Mr. Jamieson responded most eloquently to the toast "The Land we live in," but if I attempt to give his speech, no room will be left for my own.

When I arose, cheers such as always greet my name, fairly shook the rafters. I had made a mistake in asking to have my name left until near the last, for those who had spoken had covered the ground so fully, as regards St. Andrews, I was forced to fall back upon Burns, I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret that sickness in my family prevented my making that preparation which this occasion and the presence of so many distinguished people demands, and I must ask you to extend that clemency for which Scotchmen and Scotchwomen are noted the world over, to my hastily prepared address. In the old Highland home where I first saw the light of day and learned to love the land famed throughout the English-speaking world"——"Hear, hears." Just as I reached this point, I saw a man who was born on the adjoining farm to that which was my own birthplace in Ontario, and he was just ready to give me the lie direct, with all the natural abhorence of a Scotchman to my deviation from the truth. I saw that something must be done, and done at once. I excused myself to the chairman, and rushed down and grasped the man's hand and led him to the platform and introduced him as one who had been my playfellow in old Scotland, and had been known to "soop'er up" successfully in more curling games than any man in Scotland, not a professional. The audience cheered him so loud and long, he modestly refrained from making any damaging revelations. I must confess that this episode disconcerted me, and when I started again I said that "Mr. Burns."—more than a dozen shouted "We don't know him." I then said I "Thought everybody knew Robert Burns, Esq.," and then a perfect roar came from the audience "What's the matter with Robbie Burns?" Well, that put me on the right track again, and I spoke of Robbie after that as though we had been boon companions. I waxed eloquent over the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and pathetic over his "Highland Mary." I gave the Old Kirk folks a rap with "Holy Willie's Prayer," and got off some good hits, even if not original. I said that there were Scotchmen (but not in Regina) like those mentioned by Max O'Rell, who keep the commandments and everything else worth keeping, but Burns was not one of that kind. He only kept his grand nature, and he gave enough of that away to fill the world with love for him and his songs. There is no poet living or dead who to-day fills so large a place in the heart of every English-speaking nation, as Burns. Other poets have written more polished lines, have been without question greater poets, but have not touched the depth in the human soul, stirred the people, and linked the whole world together in a bond of common humanity as has Burns. When I sat down, the man who was born on the adjoining farm to ours in Ontario, grasped my hand and said "Mac, you was born in Scotland, I seen you when you did it." He is not an educated man. It would take all the execution in Canada to pull the truth out of him.

Well, we had haggis and cold water galore. The water seemed to make the haggis rebel, and made me sick. The street all the way to my house was strewn with haggis (good haggis too), which the water threw off. I thought it would kill me. The first thing my wife noticed me of, was being in a state of intoxication. She said she never knew me to come home from a banquet sober in her life. I said, "Sarah, smell my breath," and that convinced her. "What do you think of it?" I asked. "Your catarrah has broken out again, and you go to the Dr. the first thing you do," was her reply.

I made so many good hits, a majority of the Scotchmen at the banquet asked me to represent them at the next Dominion election. I think I will have a clear track, unless Davin takes it into his head to call himself MacDavin, and tells the Scotchmen that he is Scotch and never knew it until lately. They will believe him, especially if he announces it in The Leader, and I will lose their votes.

The ladies, by some oversight (I think it was too much cold water) were not toasted. What they did, and how they did it, I will reserve for my next letter.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT MACGREGOR.

Regina, Dec. 3rd, 1894.

TEACHER WANTED.

Applications wanted for the position of teacher in the Intermediate Department of the Moose Jaw Public School. Applicants to state salary. Must hold 1st or 2nd class certificate. Applications to be in by the 27th instant. Apply to SEYMOUR GREEN, Secretary. 24-5

NOTICE!

All parties having accounts against the Municipality of the Town of Moose Jaw are requested to present the same on or before DEC. 10th.

J. E. ANNABLE.
Town Clerk.

Moose Jaw, Dec. 6th, '94.

BURN
Hassard Mine
Souris Coal.

$4.00 PER TON AT CAR.

The Cheapest Fuel on the Market.

E. Simpson & Co.

X'MAS
PRESENTS.

Watches,
Clocks,
Jewellery AND
Silverware,
AT EASTERN PRICES.

No Freight Charges.

J. Munns.

FREIGHT
AND
Passenger Rates

NOTICE OF MEETING.

A Public Meeting is hereby called to be held at the Town Hall, Moose Jaw, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1894,
AT 2 O'CLOCK P.M.,

to discuss methods for collecting and preparing evidence for submission to the Rates Commission which will visit Moose Jaw in a few weeks.

By Order,
W. W. Bole,
Pres. Board of Trade.

AUDITORS' REPORT
FOR THE
TOWN OF MOOSE JAW
FOR THE YEAR
1893.

REVENUE.	
Taxes from 1893 assessment	$ 33 00
Taxes from 1892 "	2368 04
Taxes from 1891 "	39 52
Taxes from 1890 "	43 26
Taxes from 1884 to 1889	186 95
Poll tax	120 00
Dog tags	78 00
Rent of town hall for entertainments	97 00
Rent from H. W. Carter	184 00
Rent from Salvation Army	67 00
Hotel licenses	816 66
Boarding houses	16 00
Livery and feed stables	45 00
Billiard licenses	60 00
Circus licenses	25 00
Water cart licenses	20 00
Peddlers' licenses	16 00
Dray licenses	79 33
Lumber	3 15
Illustrated Globe	80
Loan, Hitchcock & McCullock	1000 00
N.-W. Assembly, balance of bridge grant	387 16
	$5685 87
Balance cash on hand Jan'y 1st, 1893	187 85
Balance overpaid by treasurer, Dec. 31, 1893	186 65
	$6060 37

EXPENDITURE.	
W. J. Bradshaw	$1138 80
E. A. Baker & Co.	63 69
R. Bogue	5 45
Henry Battell	254 80
John Bellamy	13 20
W. W. Bole	25 90
R. Burnett	6 75
John Brass	1 70
W. R. Campbell	82 55
Colgan & Bates	4 00
A. D. Cooper	53 40
C. D. Fisher	4 78
Wm. Fergusson	5 00
O. B. Fysh	1 50
W. A. Ducker	35 00
C. A. Gass	4 25
A. Hitchcock	231 35
A. Jones	1 00
Geo. Keyes	209 28
Hamilton Lang	115 80
Walter Little	376 98
F. A. Meller	10 50
W. W. Neeland	1 00
Jas. Ostrander	5 00
Paul Ostrander	50
E. Palmer	3 00
H. McDougall	240 01
Neil McMillan	74 25
L. E. McNish	5 00
Newton McLeod	146 33
D. S. McVannel	2 00
McVannel & Bowden	41 25
E. Simpson & Co.	39 35
School Board	2500 00
H. Y. Stewart	3 00
W. Symington	8 25
R. W. Timmins	24 25
Standard Printing Co	15 00
T. W. Robinson	1 00
Wilson & McDonald	2 00
J. E. Annable	304 50
Wm. Walsh	9 10
	6070 37
Less amt. overpaid on Bradshaw Order No. 96	10 00
	$6060 37

ASSETS.	
Town hall	$ 4500 00
Fire engine and equipments	3000 00
Town bell	50
	7500 50

LIABILITIES.	
Debentures	7000 00
Loan, Bank of Montreal	3000 00
	$10000 00

R. BOGUE,
J. RUTHERFORD, } Auditors.